



# THREE-PART MUSIC

MUSIC EDUCATION SERIES



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# THREE-PART MUSIC

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WITHDRAWN

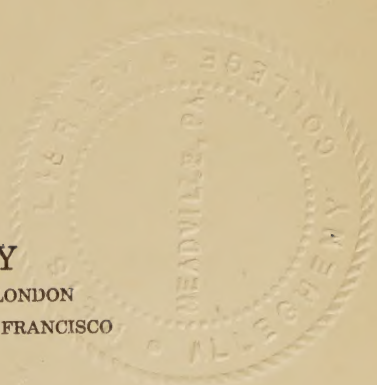
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WITHDRAWN



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## MUSIC

The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.  
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,  
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet;  
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours  
A solemn harmony; on leafy floors  
To smooth Autumnal pipes he moves his feet,  
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet  
In Winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.  
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream  
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;  
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,  
Unwrought, and it shall make a druid theme;  
Leave me the whispering shell on Nereid shores.  
The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.

EDITH M. THOMAS

192691

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Three-Part Music" is the result of an effort to present a collection of songs and choruses which is so representative and significant that its use need not be restricted to any definite age or grade. In the preparation of this book, therefore, the editors have derived much benefit from the coöperation of a large group of educators, musicians, and authors.

They are under particular obligations to Miss Helen S. Leavitt, who has given valuable assistance in musical contribution and research, as well as in literary criticism and investigation.

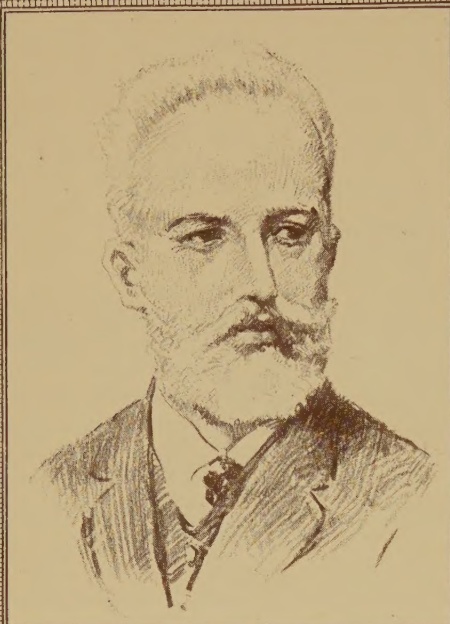
They are grateful to Mr. Robert Hillyer, Dr. Denis A. McCarthy, Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, and others who have provided poems not only of high literary merit but also poems which are lyrical and adapted to musical treatment.

They also wish to thank the larger group who by encouragement and definite suggestions have made this collection more valuable and effective.

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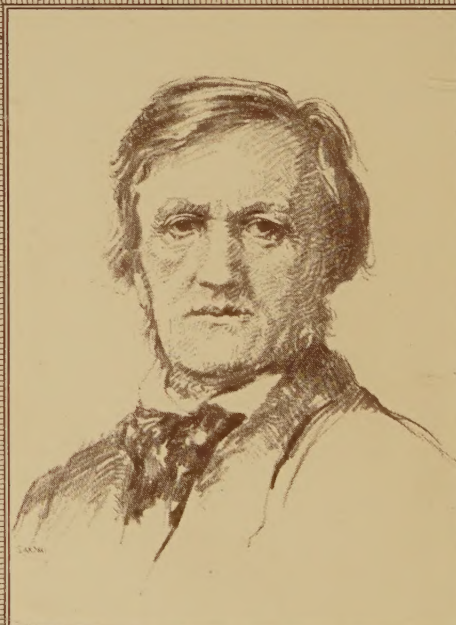
*Tschaikowsky*



*Saint-Saëns*



*Mendelssohn*



*Wagner*



# THREE-PART MUSIC

## THE DAUNTLESS

ROBERT HILLYER

*Maestoso*

EDWARD HEWITT

*mf*

1. Not ours to fear the chang-ing tide of Fate; . . .  
 2. The daunt-less one who finds his cho-sen course . . .  
 3. There's noth-ing life can of-fer us which bars . . .

Not ours to fear the  
 The daunt-less one who  
 There's noth-ing life can

We know our chart-ed course lies clear and  
 Meets ev-'ry hos-tile pow'r with all his  
 Our splen-did way be-tween tri-um-phant

chang-ing tide of Fate;  
 finds his cho-sen course  
 of-fer us which bars

straight, . . .  
 force, . . .  
 stars; . . .

And though there lurk some  
 And knows that though the  
 No dark-ness falls as

*mf*

We Meets  
 Our

know our chart-ed course lies clear and straight,  
 ev-'ry hos-tile pow'r with all his force,  
 splen-did way be-tween tri-um-phant stars; *cres*

foes be-yond con-trol,  
 strong, per-sist-ent gale  
 we dis-arm our foes, *cres*

Storm-y night, and  
 Bow him down un-  
 Ask-ing not when

*cen* *do*

And though there lurk some foes be-yond con-  
 And knows that though a-gainst the strong-est  
 No dark-ness falls as we dis-arm our

## THE DAUNTLESS (CONTINUED)

*cen - do f*

snow - y wind, and rock - y shoal, Forth fares the soul.  
 til he strive with - out a - vail, No man can fail.  
 comes the time for long re - pose. Light ev - er grows.

*f*

trol, Through wind and rock - y shoal, Forth . fares the soul.  
 gale He strive with - out a - vail, No . man can fail.  
 foes; We ask not for re - pose, Light . ev - er grows.

## AT CLOSE OF DAY

ROBERT HILLYER

*Andantino  
mp*

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Arranged

1. Now the wind that turns the mill Sinks to  
 2. Now the twi - light folds the frond, Star - light  
 3. Soft - ly, calm - ly, day - light goes Through the

slum - ber on Sun - set Hill; Voic - es die and leaves are  
 trem - bles a - cross the pond; Dark - ness lulls the hills be -  
 por - tals that no man knows; All things lost in vast re -

still; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.  
 yond; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.  
 pose; Slum - ber al - so, O heart of mine.



EMILY DICKINSON

HELEN S. LEAVITT

*Moderato*  
*mp*

I nev - er saw a moor, I nev - er

saw the sea, Yet know I how the heath - er looks and  
moor, nor saw the sea,

what a wave must be. I nev - er spoke with God, Nor

vis - it made in heav'n, Yet cer - tain am I of the spot As  
I know the spot as

if the chart were giv'n, As if the chart were giv'n.  
if the chart were giv'n, As if the chart, the chart were giv'n.

## WHEN MUSIC SOUNDS

NELLIE POORMAN

WILL EARHART

*Maestoso**mf*

1. Sound forth a theme, vi - o - lins, rich and mel - low,  
 2. Flute, dul - cet - toned, pipe a - gain strain en - tranc - ing,  
 3. Throb, throb, ye drums, with a wild rhyth - mic beat - ing,

Sweet ech - o make, sol - emn bass, ten - der cel - lo;  
 Bring us a vi - sion of fair maid - ens danc - ing;  
 Stir - ring com - mand to the heart e'er re - peat - ing;

*mp*

Con - jure bright dreams with thy tone, vi - brant, swell - ing,  
 Speak, ev - 'ry reed, with a cool, pen - sive ac - cent,  
 Peal, mar - tial trumps, tell the glo - ry of bat - tle,

Wake with thy har - mo - ny all love - ly things of earth.  
 Bear us a fresh - 'ning breath of ear - ly morn in spring.  
 Rouse ev - 'ry sol - dier with thy loud and war - like note.

*mf*

Sound, choir of strings, in the meas - ure in - spir - ing,  
 Blithe - ly the glad - ness of na - ture now voic - ing,  
 Sound now, ye choirs, in har - mo - ni - ous tell - ing,



*cres.* *f*

Touch ev - 'ry heart with thy mu - sic as - pir - ing.  
 Min - gling with rap - ture a note of re - joic - ing.  
 Won - drous thy mu - sic, all dis - cord dis - pell - ing.

*cres.* *f*

The musical score consists of two staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in treble clef, and the accompaniment is in bass clef. The first staff begins with a crescendo marking and a forte marking. The second staff also begins with a crescendo marking and a forte marking. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

A FLOWER LEGEND

M. LOUISE BAUM  
*Con grazia*

MARY ROOT KERN

*p*

1. A climb - ing plant of hum - ble race Dis -  
 2. A spi - der from the twin - ing stem Threw  
 3. The tale is told by whis - p'ring winds And

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It begins with a piano marking. The melody is written in treble clef, and the accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

*mf*

turb'd the gar - den bow'rs, . In - trud - ing there with -  
 out . her silk - en snare, . Till but - ter - flies in  
 may . be true, who knows? . *mf* For gay sweet peas now

The musical score continues from the previous section. It features a mezzo-forte marking. The melody is written in treble clef, and the accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

*p*

out a crown Of sweet or state - ly flow'rs. .  
 col - ors bright Were light - ly teth - ered there. .  
 flut - ter fair On wings of white and rose. *p*

The musical score continues from the previous section. It features a piano marking. The melody is written in treble clef, and the accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

## IF LOVE WERE WHAT THE ROSE IS

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PAUL AMBROSE

Arranged

*p Allegretto grazioso*

1. If love were what the rose - is And I were like the  
 2. If you were thrall to sor - row And I were page to

leaf, Our lives would grow to - geth - er In  
 joy, We'd play for lives and sea - sons With

sad or sing - ing weath - er, Blown fields or flow'r - ful  
 lov - ing looks and trea - sons, And tears of night and

*mf*

*meno mosso* *a tempo*

clos - es, Green pleas - ure or gray grief; If  
 mor - row, And laugh of maid and boy; If

*mp*

love were what the rose - is, And I were like the leaf.  
 you were thrall to sor - row, And I were page to joy.

*mp*



# TO THE WIND

11

CAROLINE FULLER  
*Cantabile*

SPENCER-LEAVITT

1. Blow, wind, blow! Bear me  
2. Sail, soft wind! Sail the

1. Blow, wind, blow! Blow!  
2. Sail, soft wind! Sail

1. Blow, soft breez - es, and bear me the fra - grance  
2. Set the la - zy, white cloud-ships in mo - tion,

breath of clo - ver sweet; . Steal through the  
cloud - ships through the air; . . Be a bold

Cull from the clo - ver a per - fume sweet; . Steal through the  
cloud-ships all la - zi - ly through the air; . . Be a bold

Culled from clo - ver sweet; Bring  
Sail them through the air; Woo

for - est and bring me the fresh - ness Breath-ing from  
lov - er and woo ev - 'ry rose - bud, Steal for a

for - est and bring me the fresh - ness, Breathe from  
lov - er and woo ev - 'ry rose - bud, Steal for

me the for - est fresh - ness, Breathe from  
ev - 'ry pret - ty rose - bud, Steal a

## TO THE WIND (CONTINUED)

*p*

vio - let's cool re - treat. Croon a  
pledge a pet - al fair! Tease the

*p*

vio - let's cool re - treat. Croon a  
pledge a pet - al fair! Tease the

*p*

vi - o - let's cool re - treat. Croon a mel - o - dy  
pledge from its pet - als fair! Tease the pop - lars and

*mp*

song, Croon it soft and  
trees While you laugh with

*mp*

song, Wind! Drow - si - ly croon it to  
trees, Wind! Laugh - ing - ly twist them with

*p*

ten - der and sooth - ing, Soft and  
leave their heads toss - ing, Laugh with

*mp* *cres.*

slow; . . Ech - o the song of the ju - bi - lant  
glee; . . Noth - ing can shack - le you, rest - less old

*mp* *cres.*

me. Oh, ech - o the song of the ju - bi - lant  
glee. Oh, noth - ing can shack - le you, rest - less old

*cres.*

slow. Oh, faint ly mock the  
glee. Oh, go, go, rest - less



*mf* mead - ow lark; Wind, gen - tly blow! .  
*mf* trav - el - er! Wind, you are free! .

*dim.* *p*

*mf* mead - ow lark; Wind, gen - tly blow! .  
*mf* trav - el - er! Wind, you are free! .

*dim.* *p*

*mf* mead - ow lark; Sweet sum - mer wind, gen - tly blow. . .  
*mf* trav - el - er, Ne'er own a mas - ter, be free! . .

## THE EVENING STAR

NANCY BYRD TURNER

RUTH MCCONN SPENCER

*Espressivo*  
*mp*

1. Now day is done, All the light has fad - ed,  
 2. Look how it gleams Where the clouds go drift - ing!

*mp*

*p*

Qui - et hill and field and mead - ow Slum - ber now, for  
 Fair and pet - al - wise un - fold - ing, Like a love - ly

*mf*

night's be - gun. See, fair and far, The friend - ly eve - ning star.  
 flow'r it seems. Oh, bright and far, How soft the eve - ning star.

*mf*

## SONG OF REMEMBRANCE

M. LOUISE BAUM

WILLIAM E. BROWN

*Larghetto*  
*mp*

1. Year by year new con - se - cra - tion  
 2. Home's dear joys they dared sur - ren - der,  
 3. Great the call they heard and an - swered,

*mf*

1. Year by year these days of con - se - cra - tion  
 2. Home's dear joys they glo - ried to sur - ren - der,  
 3. Great the call they heard and great their giv - ing,

*mp*

Light a - gain makes new, . . And  
 Joys we find so fair; . . But  
 Theirs the no - bler way, . . A

Light of the past and pres - ent still re - new, . . And  
 Joys that for us their sac - ri - fice made fair; . . But  
 Of - fered by men who knew the no - bler way, . . A

*mf* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*

fills the heart with mem - 'ry's sweet ob - la - tion  
 they have found a home in worlds of splen - dor,  
 gift to God, the light of all men liv - ing,

*mp* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*

fill the heart with mem - 'ry's sweet ob - la - tion  
 they have found a home in worlds of splen - dor,  
 gift to God, the light of all men liv - ing,

*mp* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*



*f*

Poured for all the souls whose lives were true.  
 Earth's re - wards too low for those who dare.  
 Light of all who choose the fade - less day.

*f*

Poured for all faith - ful souls whose lives were leal and true.  
 Earth's re - wards are too low for those who great - ly dare.  
 Light of those who dare choose the path of fade - less day.

*f*

## THE BLUEBIRD

MARY STANHOPE

*Allegretto*  
*mp*

GERMAN FOLK TUNE

Arranged by IDA M. BUNTING

*mp*

1. Flash - ing, swift a - wing, Dart - ing  
 2. Tun - ing his re - frain; Flut - ing

*mf*

1. Flash - ing, fly - ing, who is a - wing? Dart - ing, div - ing,  
 2. Tun - ing, croon - ing, soft his re - frain; Flut - ing, lut - ing,

*cres.*

down to fling, Blue morn - ing  
 not in vain. Come aft - er

*cres.*

earth - ward to fling. Blue as the morn - ing  
 nev - er in vain. Fol - low - ing aft - er

*f*

His a - dorn - ing; Blue - bird, her - ald of spring.  
 Joy and laugh - ter; Blue - bird, wel - come a - gain.

*f*

His bright a - dorn - ing; Blue - bird, blue - bird, her - ald of spring.  
 Come joy and laugh - ter; Blue - bird, blue - bird, wel - come a - gain.

## LITTLE MAID OF FAR JAPAN

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

HELEN S. LEAVITT

*Grazioso**mp**cres.*

1. Lit - tle maid of far Ja - pan, Pic - tured on a  
 2. Pret - ty maid of far Ja - pan, Pic - tured on a

*mp**cres.*

dain - ty fan, Dressed in gar - ments light and gay,  
 dain - ty fan, With your pa - per par - a - sol,

*mf**mf*

Cut in such a cu - rious way; Your pa - per par - a - sol, though bright,  
 Dain - ty fan and frock and all, - Oh, why so wor - ried and so glum?

*p**p*

Shades a face so sol - emn un - der! Glancing not to left or right,  
 Do you hear a growl of thun - der? Thin - ly clad and far from home,

*mf**cres.**mf**cres.*

Where do you haste, I won - der, Maid - en of far Ja - pan? .  
 Will you get wet, I won - der, Maid - en of far Ja - pan? .

*mp**cres.**f*

Oh, I won - der, Maid of far Ja - pan? .  
 Oh, I won - der, Maid of far Ja - pan? .

*cres.**f*



# SANCTUS

17

LOUISE STICKNEY

*Lento*

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
Arranged

*mf*

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, In - fi - nite and  
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Is His word for-

*mp*

might - y, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,  
ev - er, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

*p* *mf*

Ho - ly is the Lord. God, the Lord e -  
Deep with - in us heard. When, our need con -

*cres.*

ter - nal, Fount of per - fect love, Dwells in  
fess - ing, Hearts are bowed in pray'r, Peace di -

*cres.*

*f*

light su - per - nal; He is Lord a - bove.  
vine and bless - ing Sure - ly en - ter there.

## BELLS OF BRITTANY

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN  
*Con moto*

HARRY HARTS  
Arranged

1. Near a wild and lone-ly coun-try, far a-way,  
2. When the o - cean drown'd the cit - y, on a time,

Lies a beach of sand-y sil-ver, on a bay  
All the bells rang out in pit-y, in a chime,

Where the fish-er-men who ven-ture on the o-cean  
While a-bove the ver-y stee-ple washed the wa-ters

Hear, clear, Ring, clang, cling,  
Strong, long, Rang, cling, clang,

Say they hear, low and clear, Bells that ring, clang, cling!  
End-less song, ag-es long, Bells still rang, cling, clang!



*mp*

Bells! bells low, toll - ing slow,  
 Bells! bells drown'd, still they sound,

*mp*

Bells be - low the cru - el wa - ter toll - ing slow,  
 Bells be - low the cru - el wa - ter toll - ing slow,

*cres.*

Sound - ing from the chap - el bur - ied long a - go;  
 Sound - ing from the chap - el bur - ied long a - go;

*cres.*

*f*

Bells that mourn with sol - emn sound, sail - ors drown'd  
 Bells that join their sol - emn tone to the moan

*f*

Bells that mourn with sol - emn, hol - low sound, clang, cling,  
 Bells that join their sol - emn, hol - low tone, cling, clang!

*dim.* *pp*

By the ev - er hun - gry sea! (cling, clang!)  
 Ut - tered by the hun - gry sea! (cling, clang!)

*dim.* *p*

Clang, cling, clang, cling, hun - gry sea, hun - gry sea!  
 Cling, clang, clang, cling, hun - gry sea, hun - gry sea!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

DANISH FOLK TUNE

*Leggiero*

*mf*

1. From miles of toss - ing wa-ters, From leagues of salt - y  
 2. Oh, God has winds a - plen - ty *mp* O - be-dient to his

seas There blows a - cross the marsh - es A  
 will, And some-times they are nois - y, And

cool - ing o - cean breeze. It lifts a - gain the  
 some - times they are still; But when the sum - mer

*p*

ros - es, Slow wilt - ing to their death, And lit - tle cit - y  
 smites us With tor - rid waves of heat, He sends the o - cean

*cres.*

chil - dren Are glad to feel its breath.  
 breez - es To cool the cit - y street.

*cres.*

# LOVELY FRANCE

21

NELLIE POORMAN

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

*Cantabile*

*p*

1. O love - ly land of France, How old thy glo - rious  
 2. O land of Char - le - magne, How gal - lant ev - 'ry

*p*

O love - ly land of France, How old thy  
 O land of Char - le - magne, How gal - lant

*mf*

name! Long, long a - go the trou - ba - dours In  
 deed! What saints and he - roes thou hast wrought to

*mf*

glo - rious name!  
 ev - 'ry deed!

*mp*

song did tell thy fame. For ev - 'ry hill and  
 help thy hour of need! Thy gen - tle maid en

*mp*

For  
 Thy

*cres.*

town A sto - ry of ro - mance, A  
 Jeanne, Who taught a king to reign, In -

*cres.*

ev - 'ry hill and town A sto - ry of ro - mance, A  
 gen - tle maid - en Jeanne, Who taught a king to reign, In -

*f*

*rit.*

knight - ly tale for ev - 'ry road That wind through love - ly France.  
 spired by ho - ly dreams to save The land of Char - le - magne.

*f*

*rit.*



## DARK ARE THE SKIES

JOHN REED

WILSON-WHITE

*Con espressione**mp*

1. Dark are the skies and drear - y, Rain fall - ing hour . on  
2. Sure - ly the clouds are break - ing, Here is the clos - ing

*mp*

hour; All day long . . . till things  
show'r; Show'rs are done, . . . Yes, here

*mf*

all go wrong. . . . Of dark - ness and wet I'm  
is the sun! . . . The world to fresh beau - ty

*mp*

all go wrong. (all goes wrong.) Of dark - ness I'm  
is the sun. (clouds are gone.) The world a - new

*mp*

wea - ry! Why should it rain a - gain?  
wak - ing— Nev - er was rain in vain!

wea - ry! Why should it rain and rain a - gain?  
wak - ing— Oh, nev - er yet was rain in vain!

## THE ARIZONA WIND

NELLIE POORMAN

*Tranquillo*

ARTHUR TARGETT

1. You blow from might-y ca - ñons Where sea - ward the  
2. You spring up in the morn - ing In some lone - ly  
3. By cham - bered cliffs you wan - der, Where In - dians were

riv - ers sweep, Ceas - ing ne'er their carv - ing Red and pur - ple  
des - ert land, Hoar - y sage - brush toss - ing, Whirl - ing high the  
wont to dwell, Emp - ty and for - sak - en, On - ly ech - oes

cav - erns deep; From peak and blue pla - teau . Bold - ly you blow.  
shim - m'ring sand; The path - less waste you know, . Free - ly you blow.  
there to tell Where lived the Na - va - jo . Long, long a - go.

## TARANTELLA

M. LOUISE BAUM

*Con grazia*

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Arranged

*mf*

1. Wheel - ing, whirl - ing, light as a wil - low  
 2. Click - ing, clash - ing, neck - lace or ban - gle

*mf*

sway - ing, Or free as a foun - tain's play - ing,  
 an - swers The twist of the tire - less danc - ers,

Or free foun - tain's play - ing,  
 The twist of the danc - ers,

*mp*

Gay is the ta - ran - tel - la! Lilt - ing, leap - ing  
 Wild is the ta - ran - tel - la! Quick - 'ning tem - po

*mp*

*cres.* oh, see them!  
 oh, hear - en! *accel.*

diz - zi - ly through the chang - es, As swift as the swal - low that  
 urg - es them fast and fast - er, For mel - o - dy gay is their

*cres.* *accel.*

*a tempo*

As swift as bird - that  
 For mu - sic is their

rang - es, Then stamp - ing it, toe and heel!  
 mas - ter As through the mad dance they reel.

*a tempo*

rang - es, Stamp it, toe and heel.  
 mas - ter, Through the dance and they reel.



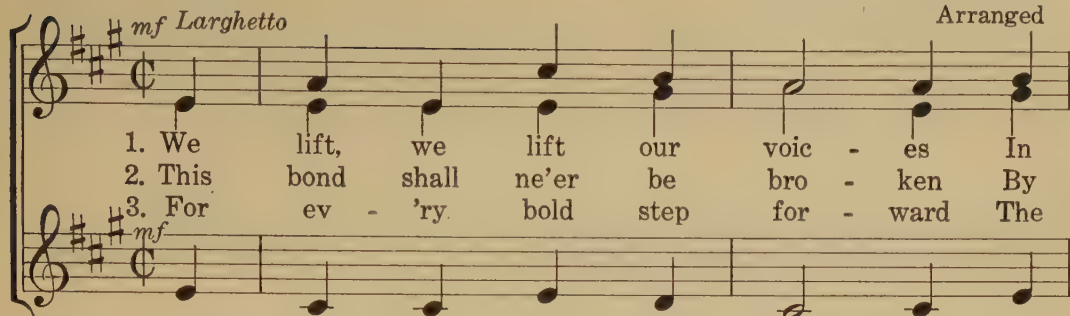
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25

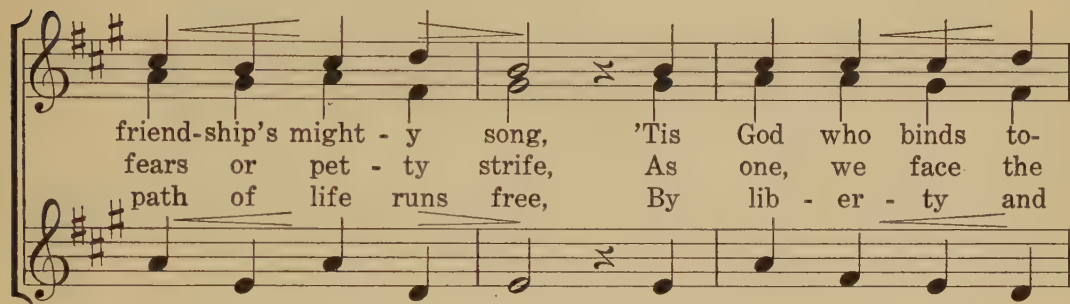
ROBERT BRIGHAM

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN  
Arranged

*mf* *Larghetto*



1. We lift, we lift our voices In  
 2. This bond shall ne'er be broken By  
 3. For ev - 'ry bold step for - ward The

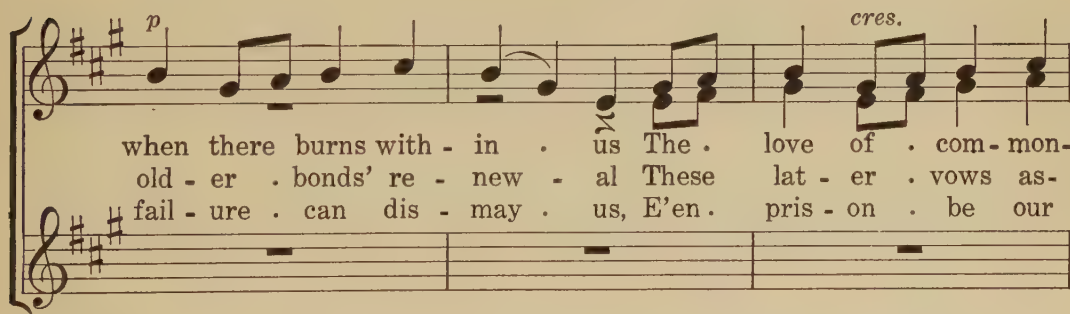


friend-ship's might - y song, 'Tis God who binds to-  
 fears or pet - ty strife, As one, we face the  
 path of life runs free, By lib - er - ty and



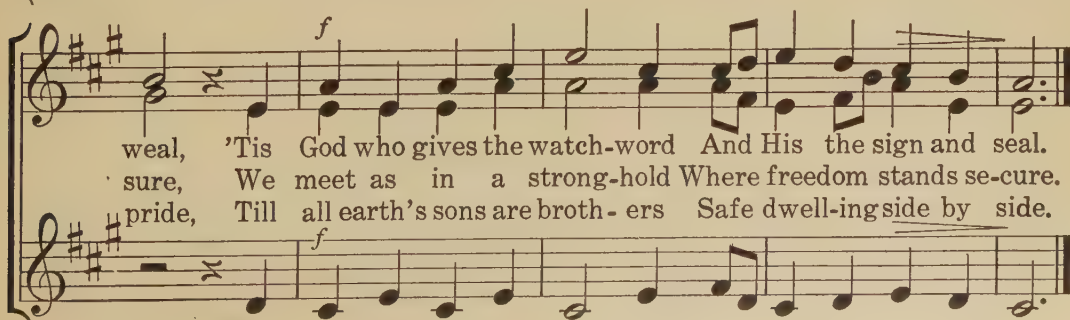
geth - er Our hearts in un - ion strong. And  
 fu - ture, As one, we mas - ter life; The  
 un - ion All earth shall gir - dled be; No

*p* *cres.*



when there burns with - in . us The . love of . com - mon -  
 old - er . bonds' re - new - al These lat - er . vows as -  
 fail - ure . can dis - may . us, E'en . pris - on . be our

*f*



weal, 'Tis God who gives the watch-word And His the sign and seal.  
 sure, We meet as in a strong-hold Where freedom stands se-cure.  
 pride, Till all earth's sons are broth - ers Safe dwell - ing side by side.

## SPANISH WALTZ

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

BALDWIN-LEAVITT

*Tempo di valse*

*mp*

Hark to the click of the

*p* > > > > *f* >

Click, click, click, click, Click, click,

cas - ta - net . And the hum of the gen - tle gui - tar;

cas - ta - net; Click, click, click,

*mf*

Where the girls with the hair that is

click, Click, click,

black as jet . And the fair - y - winged . slip - pers

click, click, Click, click,

*cres.* *dim.*

are! . Un - der the shade of the or - ange tree, The

*cres.* *dim.*

click, 'Neath the shade of the or - ange tree, The

# SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

27

*mf*  
danc - ers glide to and fro; Laugh - ing and  
*mf*  
danc - ers glide, they glide to and fro, . While laugh - ing,  
grace - ful and fair to see The cou - ples mer - ri - ly  
grace - ful, and fair to see The mer - ry cou - ples  
*p* go. . Ah! Sweet is the sound of the cas - ta - net, . . And the  
*dim. e rit.*  
go. . Ah! Sound the cas - ta - net,  
1. 2. *Fine*  
mur - mur - ing . . soft gui - tar! tar. .  
1. 2. *Fine* *mf a tempo*  
strum gui - tar! tar. . 3=5 Let us  
*mp a tempo* 3=5 *cres.*  
1#=3 Whirl - - ing, twirl - - ing,  
*cres.*  
join the whirl, with a cir - cle and twirl, Go



## SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

trip - ping, Slide and swirl While the

trip - ping . . with a slide and a swirl;

mu - sic low . and sweet . . . . . Puts

Mu - sic so low . and sweet . . . . . Puts

*f* mag - ic . . in our nim - ble feet. *mp* Hear the cas - ta -

*f* mag - ic in nim - ble feet. *mp* As the cas - ta -

nets! Sound a - gain, Click a re -

nets mark the meas - ure a - gain, *cres.* Go click - ing . . like a

fain . . . . Till our hearts join . . in the

*dim.* lit - tle re - frain, Hearts beat in

# SPANISH WALTZ (CONTINUED)

29

*accel. e cres. f D. S. al Fine*

rhyth-mi-cal beat Of the waltz made in Spain!

*accel. e cres. f*

time to the waltz made in Spain.

## REMEMBERING

ROBERT HILLYER

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

*Con tenerezza p*

1. Hap - py the heart that still can hold  
 2. Sum - mer takes flight from day to day;  
 3. Glo - ry of *p* day and calm of night

Hap - py, we still can hold  
 Sum - mer may close to day;  
 Glo - ry and calm of night

*mf* Van-ished de-lights of red and gold, Col-ors of gar-dens,  
 Dreams will not fade or die a-way. Though it be win-ter,  
 Shine in the spir-it's tran-quil light; Beau-ty im-mor-tal

*mf* Van-ished de-lights of red and gold, The  
 Dreams will not fade or die a-way. Ah,  
 Shine in the spir-it's tran-quil light; And

*cres. dim. e rit.*

Per-fumes of spring Stored to en-joy when winds are cold.  
 Still shall we find Mem-o-ry's gold-en store of May.  
 Plants in the heart Gar-dens of spring no frost can blight.

*cres. dim. e rit*

per-fumes of spring, We keep when winds are cold.  
 yet shall we find Mem-o-ry's store of May.  
 here in each heart Gar-dens no frost can blight.

BELLE AMES

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

*Animato*

Arranged

SOP. I AND II *mp*

1. Light-ly o - ver the wait - ing earth Comesthe Spring with a  
2. All the earth will be - gin to sing At the welcome ap -

ALTO *mp*
*mf*

smile of mirth; To each mead-ow and for-est and hill-top She  
proach of Spring; With the mag - ic and charm of her pres-ence The

*mf*

brings de - light. Sil - ver show'rs .  
fields will wake. Fra - grant breeze, .

brings de - light. Sil - ver show'rs, .  
fields will wake. Fra - grant breeze, .

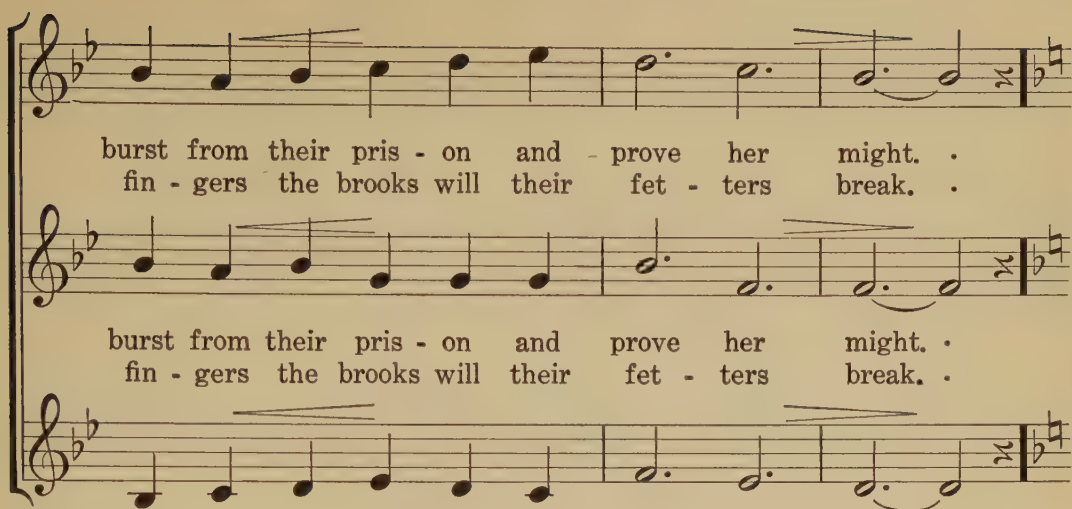
With the sound of the sil - ver show'rs  
On the wings of a fra - grant breeze

Wak - en and flow'rs, . With a thrill they will  
Birds and bees, . At the touch of her

She'll wak - en the flow'rs, . With a thrill they will  
She'll come with the bees, . At the touch of her

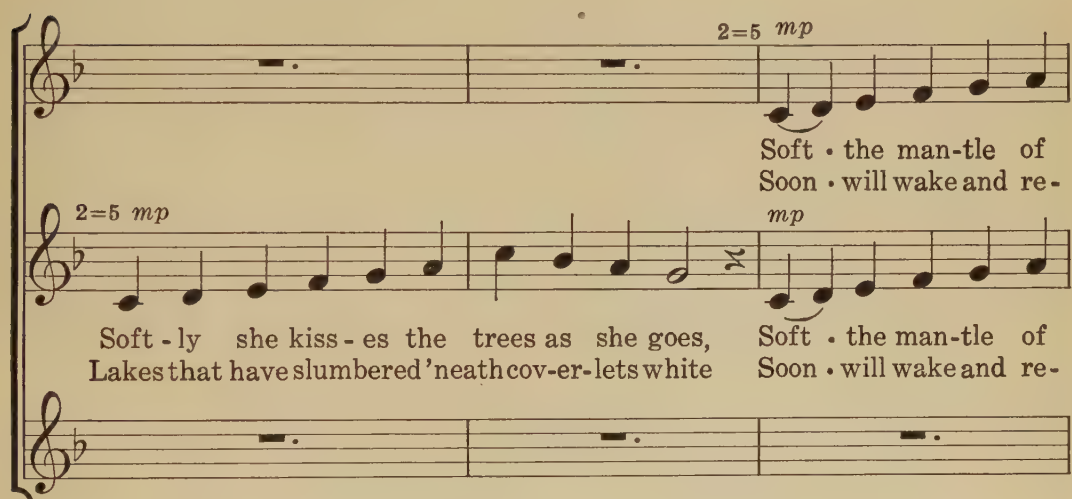
She will wak - en the sleep - ing flow'rs; With a thrill they will  
She will come with the birds and bees; At the touch of her





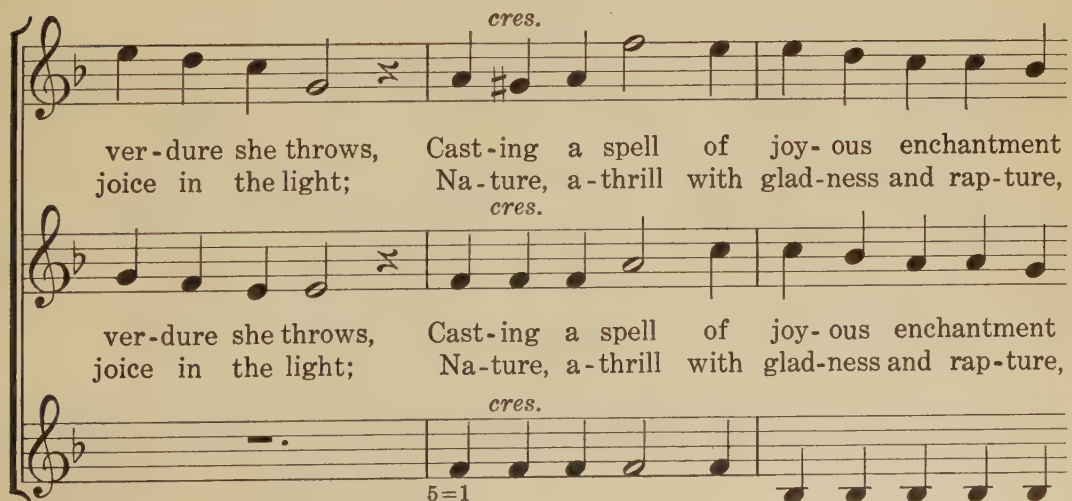
burst from their pris - on and - prove her might. .  
fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. .

burst from their pris - on and prove her might. .  
fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. .



Soft - ly she kiss - es the trees as she goes, Soft - the man - tle of  
Lakes that have slumbered 'neath cov - er - lets white Soon - will wake and re -

*mp*



ver - dure she throws, Cast - ing a spell of joy - ous enchantment  
joice in the light; Na - ture, a - thrill with glad - ness and rap - ture,

*cres.*

ver - dure she throws, Cast - ing a spell of joy - ous enchantment  
joice in the light; Na - ture, a - thrill with glad - ness and rap - ture,

*cres.*

5=1

*dim. e rit.* 6=3 *mp a tempo*

In all her flight. . Sil - ver show'rs .  
Will mu - sic make. Fra - grant breeze, .

*dim. e rit.* 6=3 *mp a tempo*

In all her flight. . Sil - ver show'rs .  
Will mu - sic make. . Fra - grant breeze, .

*dim. e rit.* 4=1 *mp a tempo*

With the sound of her sil - ver show'rs  
On the wings of a fra - grant breeze

*mf*

Wak - en and flow'rs; . They will  
Birds and bees, . At her

*mf*

Wak - . . en the flow'rs, . With a thrill they will  
Come, . . birds and bees, . . At the touch of her

*mf*

She will wak - en the sleep - ing flow'rs; They will  
She will come with the birds and bees; 'Neath her

*cres.* *f*

burst from pris - on and prove her might. .  
touch the brooks will their fet - ters break. .

*cres.* *f*

burst from their pris - on and prove her might. .  
fin - gers the brooks will their fet - ters break. .

*cres.* *f*

# I WOULD BE A SAILOR

33

JEAN NEAL

STANLEY AVERY

*Ben marcato*

1. Sail - or with the com - pass true, Let me sail,  
2. Skip - per with the eye so blue, Let me ship

*mf*

sail with you! Far a - cross the boom - ing sea  
with your crew. Let me haul and reef and tack,

Let your ship car - ry me! When the storm shall be -  
Round the world, down and back. *mf* I would meet with a

gin to rave I will be ver - y quick and brave.  
pi - rate ship, Wreck and raft up - on ev - 'ry trip!

*cres.* *f*

I want to see a whale! A - round the  
I want to be a Tar! I want to

Yeo, heave ho! heave  
Yeo, heave ho! heave



Musical score for "I Would Be a Sailor (Continued)". The score is written for two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff contains the lyrics: "Pole I'd sail. Then yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!) voy - age far! Then yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!)" with dynamic markings *mf* and *cres.*. The second staff contains the lyrics: "Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! . Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! ." with dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *ff*. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Pole I'd sail. Then yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!)  
voy - age far! Then yeo heave ho, (with a pull, boys!)

Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! .  
Yeo heave ho! (My boys, with a) Yeo heave ho, heave ho! .

## THE FOUR WINDS

NELLIE POORMAN  
*Semplice*  
*mp*

MARY STRAWN VERNON

Musical score for "The Four Winds". The score is written for two staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The music is in 3/4 time. The first staff contains the lyrics: "1. I am West Wind, blown from prai - ries, Sweet with 2. I am South Wind, breath of ros - es, Birds a -" with dynamic markings *mp* and *mf*. The second staff contains the lyrics: "scent . of grass and corn; I . am East Wind, long . my cur - rent ride; I . am North Wind," with dynamic markings *mf* and *cres.*. The third staff contains the lyrics: "child of o - cean, Sweep - ing sky ways clear for morn. fresh and tin - gling, Snow and ice I scat - ter wide." with dynamic markings *cres.* and *f*. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

1. I am West Wind, blown from prai - ries, Sweet with  
2. I am South Wind, breath of ros - es, Birds a -

scent . of grass and corn; I . am East Wind,  
long . my cur - rent ride; I . am North Wind,

child of o - cean, Sweep - ing sky ways clear for morn.  
fresh and tin - gling, Snow and ice I scat - ter wide.

# THE ROSE

35

From the Persian of MIRZA SCHAFFY

English version by

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

ROBERT FRANZ

Arranged

*Espressivo*

*p*

The fair-est rose of June was sigh-ing Be-cause its

fra-grance, ear-ly dy-ing, The spring's re-

*mf* new-al could know, ah, nev-er! *mp* O love-ly

rose, in beau-ty blow-ing, Through-out my songs your breath is

*cres.* flow-ing, *mf* And there its sweet-ness shall live for-ev-er. *cres.* *mf*

TRADITIONAL

ENGLISH FOLK SONG

*Moderato**mf*


1. I will give you the keys of heav'n, I will give you the  
 2. I will give you a blue silk gown, Twostripes up and .  
 3. I will give you the keys of my heart, We'll married be till .



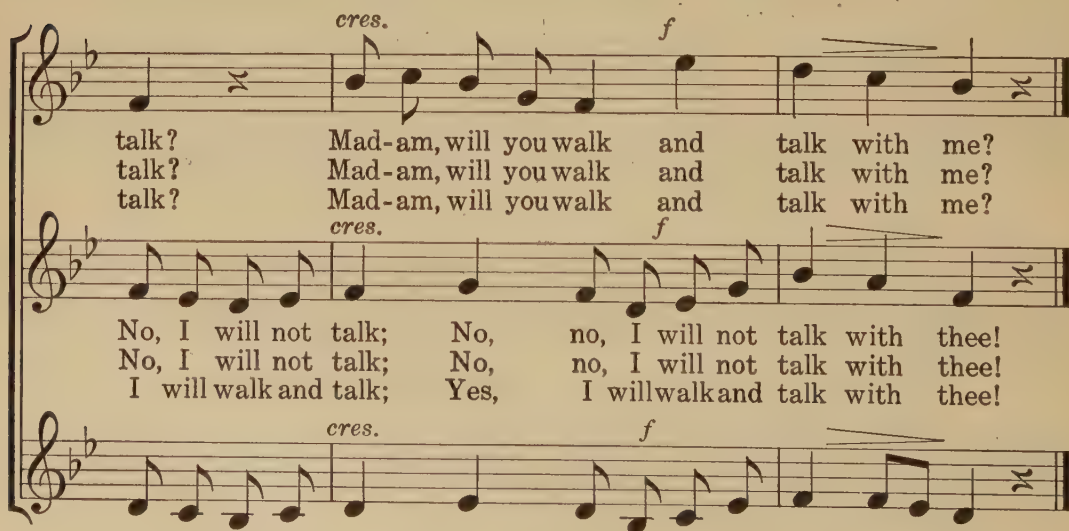
*mp*

keys of heav'n. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you  
 three stripes down. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you  
 death do us part. Mad-am, will you walk? Mad-am, will you

*mp*

keys of heav'n. No, I will not walk!  
 three stripes down. No, I will not walk!  
 death do us part. I will walk and talk!

*mp*



*cres.* *f*

talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?  
 talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?  
 talk? Mad-am, will you walk and talk with me?

*cres.* *f*

No, I will not talk; No, no, I will not talk with thee!  
 No, I will not talk; No, no, I will not talk with thee!  
 I will walk and talk; Yes, I will walk and talk with thee!

*cres.* *f*



## OJIBWAY LULLABY

37

ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

HENRY HADLEY

*Andante con moto*

*mp*

1. The wind is in the trees; Does my  
 2. The stars are in the skies; Does my  
 3. Then go to sleep, my child; Squir - rels

*p*

dar - ling ba - by hear What is whis - pered to his  
 dar - ling ba - by see How they blink at him and  
 all are safe in bed, Squir - rels black and gray and

*p*

ear With the lisp - ing of the breeze?  
 me, Bright as ba - by's shin - ing eyes?  
 red, And the lit - tle fox - es wild.

*mf*

"Love will keep his moth - er near, And the ba - by  
 How they wink to him that he Is as safe as  
 Stars are shin - ing o - ver - head, And the winds with

*dim.* *p*

need not fear For the wind is in the trees."  
 safe can be, For the stars are in the skies.  
 me have said, "Go to sleep, to sleep, my child."

*dim.* *p*

## THE WANDERER'S SONG

OTTO RÜDEL  
English paraphrase by  
FREDERIC MARTENS

VOLKMAR ANDREAE  
Arranged by RALPH L. BALDWIN

*Allegro*  
*mf*

Gay-ly · wan-d'ring on I · fare, O'er the green fields stray - ing,

*mf*

Rov - ing · in the · spring-tide · air, Naught my foot · steps  
Naught my · foot - steps

*cres.* *f*

stay - ing. And I watch the ea - gle rise · Through the

*cres.* *f*

blue, un-cloud-ed skies, High a - bove · earth wing - ing. And

*p*

when the road seems all too · long, Then my fid - dle · tak - ing,

*mp* *cres.*

I with glad and joy - ous song Ech - oes sweet am wak - ing,

*mp* *cres.*

*f*

Sing - ing joys the rov - er knows, As a - long his way he

*f*

*mp*

goes, To the winds . care fling - ing. Gay - ly . wan - d'ring

*mp*

*mp*

on I . fare, O'er the green fields stray - ing, Rov - ing in the

*mp*

*cres.* *mf*

spring - tide . air, Naught my foot - steps stay - ing.

*cres.* *mf*



## WE MARCH ON

JOHN REED  
*Alla marcía*  
*mf*

ELMER S. HOSMER

1. Here we are . . . and we are go - ing far.  
2. March - ing we . . . shall call the world to see.

1. Here we are and call go - ing  
2. March - ing we call all to

. . . Oh, do you hear the sound of sing - ing as we  
. . . What can be done if pluck - y pur - pose go with

far. Oh, hear the sound of sing - ing as we  
see What's done if pluck - y pur - pose go with

come? (we come) Withev -'ry step in time . . . to mu - sic's  
skill, (with skill) For our suc - cess is sure . . . while heart and

Step - ping in time to the  
Vic - t'ry is sure if our

march - ing rime, . . . For we can keep the pace in  
hope en - dure, . . . We al - ways do our best nor

mu sic's rime, We can keep the pace in  
hope . . . en - dure; We shall do our best nor

*f*  
 an - y race, Our foot - fall for drum.  
 stop to rest But keep go - ing still. *dim.*

*f*  
 an - y race we run. . . . . Oh, yes, we  
 stop to rest, march on! . . . . . It is our

*mf*  
 Know our way . . and we must not de - lay, . . For we are  
 Prop - er pride . that naught can stay our stride . And we shall

*mf*  
 know our way, We'll not de - lay; We're  
 prop - er pride, None stays our stride; We'll

bound to go straight for - ward till the prize is won. Oh, all the  
 like our - selves still bet - ter when our work is done. We have our

world is ours . And we shall prove our pow'rs . As with no  
 goal in view . And we shall reach it, too, . . With all the

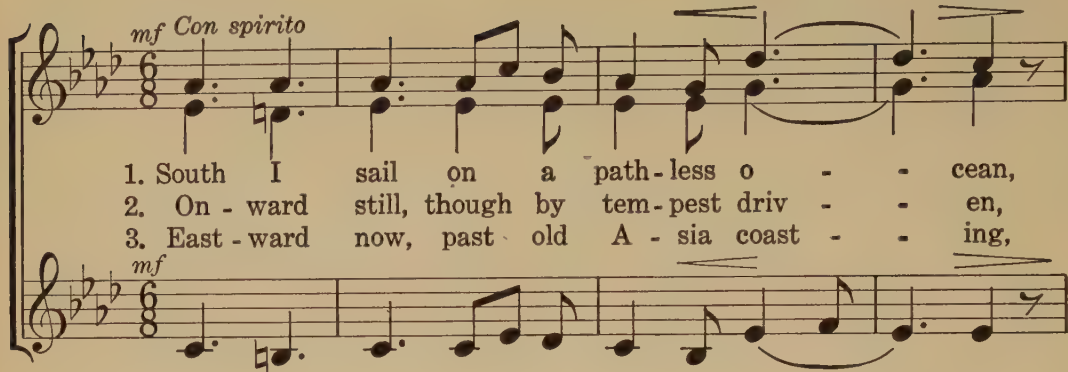
*cres.*  
 fear or wor - ry - ing, haste or hur - ry - ing, We march on.  
 world ob - serv - ing us, noth - ing swerv - ing us, We march on.

*cres.*  
*f*

M. LOUISE BAUM

GIACOMO MEYERBEER  
Arranged from "L'Africaine"

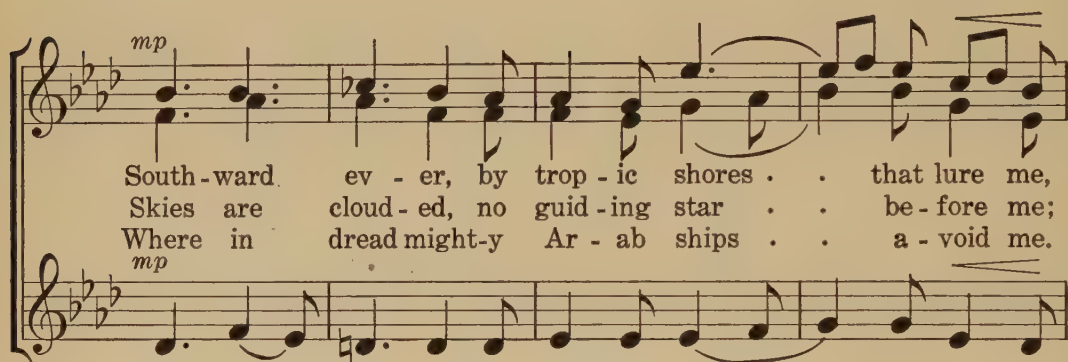
*mf Con spirito*



1. South I sail on a path-less o - - cean,  
2. On - ward still, though by tem-pest driv - - en,  
3. East - ward now, past old A - sia coast - - ing,

*mf*

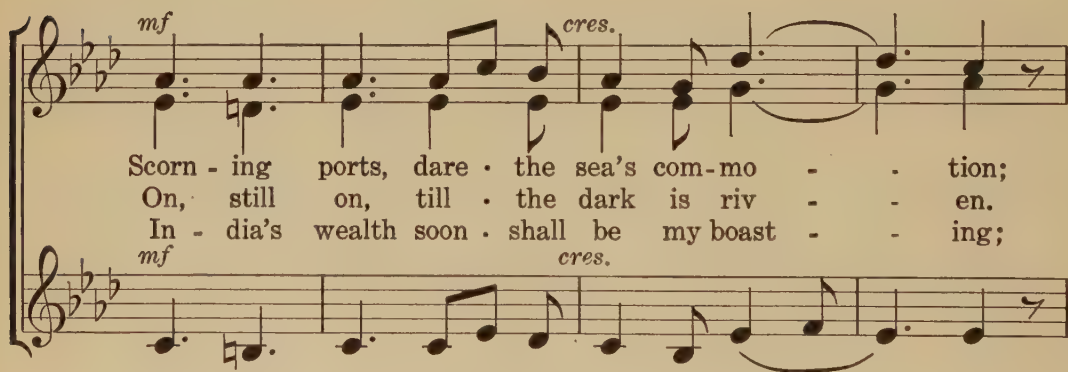
*mp*



South-ward ev - er, by trop - ic shores . . that lure me,  
Skies are cloud - ed, no guid - ing star . . be - fore me;  
Where in dread might-y Ar - ab ships . . a - void me.

*mp*

*mf* *cres.*



Scorn - ing ports, dare . the sea's com-mo - - tion;  
On, still on, till . the dark is riv - - en.  
In - dia's wealth soon . shall be my boast - - ing;

*mf* *cres.*

*f*



On! . . Fa - mil - iar stars re - as - sure me.  
Lo, . . the south - ern cross ris - es o'er me.  
On! . . Till e'en proud Spain shall ap - plaud me.

*f*



# THE STARRY CHRISTMAS NIGHT

43

MARY STANHOPE

NIELS GADE  
Arranged

*Legato*  
*p*

1. Wood and field are wrapt in slum - ber, Christ - mas  
2. Friend - ly panes with ta - pers glow - ing Hap - py  
3. All men share the Christ - mas bless - ing, Heart and

chimes the mid - night num - ber; Earth is spot - less, robed in  
fes - tal scenes are show - ing Un - der fir trees strange - ly  
hand good will ex - press - ing, Eyes with kind - ness all a -

On this star - ry Christ - mas  
On this star - ry Christ - mas  
On this star - ry Christ - mas

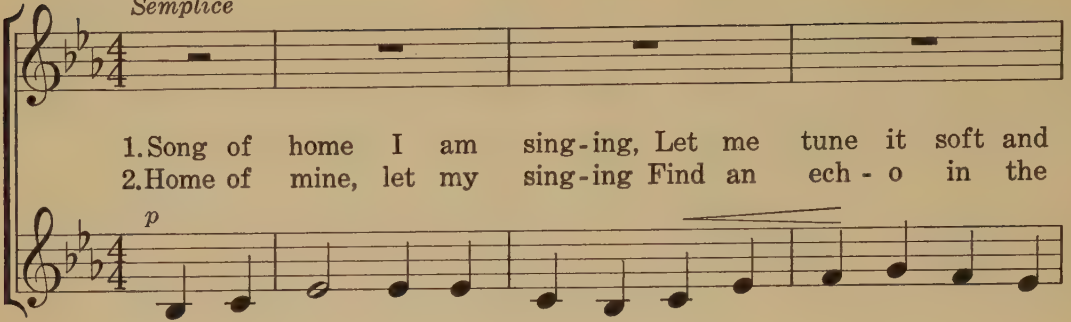
white . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas  
bright . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas  
light . . . On this star - ry, star - ry Christ - mas

night, On this star - ry Christ - mas night.  
night, On this star - ry Christ - mas night.  
night, On this star - ry Christ - mas night.

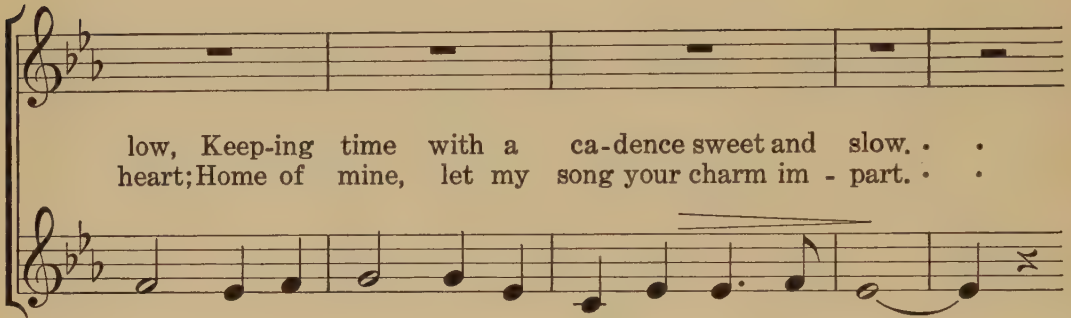
## SONG OF HOME

NELLIE POORMAN

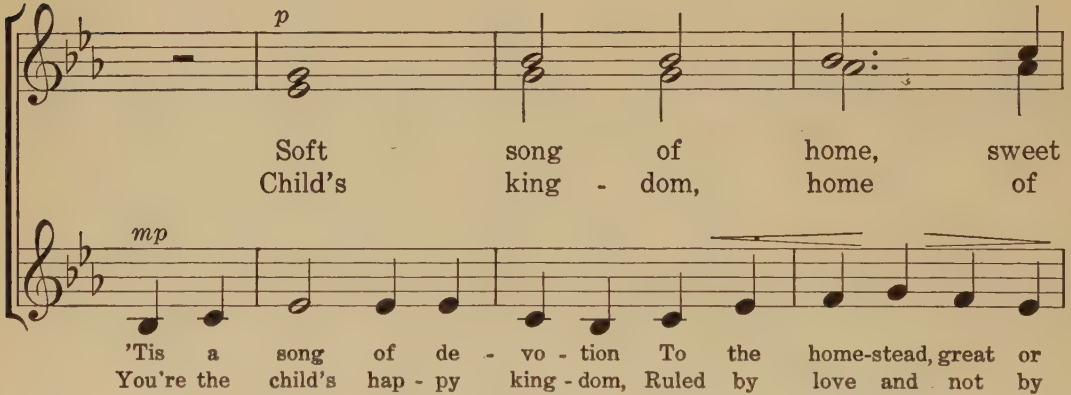
EARL TOWNER

*Semplice*


1. Song of home I am sing-ing, Let me tune it soft and  
2. Home of mine, let my sing-ing Find an ech - o in the



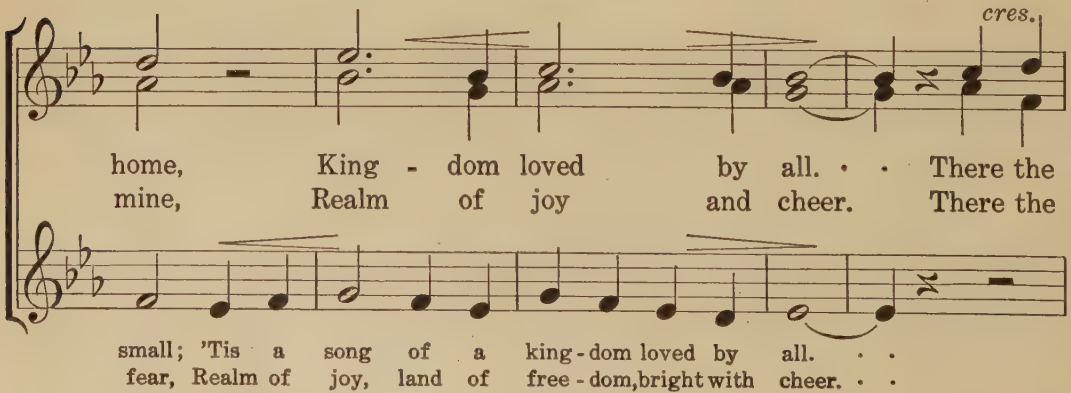
low, Keep-ing time with a ca-dence sweet and slow. . .  
heart; Home of mine, let my song your charm im - part. . .



Soft song of home, sweet  
Child's king - dom, home of

*mp*

'Tis a song of de - vo - tion To the home-stead, great or  
You're the child's hap - py king - dom, Ruled by love and not by



home, King - dom loved by all. . . There the  
mine, Realm of joy and cheer. There the

*cres.*

small; 'Tis a song of a king - dom loved by all. . .  
fear, Realm of joy, land of free - dom, bright with cheer. . .

*mf*

queen is a moth-er, All lov-ing in her sway, Keep-ing  
king is a fa-ther, With heart to un-der-stand; Life's a

*dim.*

ev-'ry care and trou-ble Far a-way. (far a-way)  
road we walk to-gether, Hand in hand. (hand in hand)

*dim.*

*p*

Moth-er eyes speak the love That  
Song of home I will sing; Though

*mp*

Moth-er eyes, soft-ly shin-ing, Speak the love that keeps one  
Song of home I'll be sing-ing, Though a-far my feet may

*cres.*

keeps one true; • Moth-er faith gives strength to do.  
far I roam, I'll re-mem-ber home, sweet home.

*cres.*

true, Moth-er faith gives one strength to dare and do. . .  
roam, Through all time I'll re-mem-ber home, sweet home. . .



## THE CRICKET IN THE WINTER

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

FANNY SNOW KNOWLTON

*Scherzando*

Heigh - ho, the  
Heigh - ho, the

*mp*

1. The lit - tle brown cricket who lived in the dell, Heigh - ho, the  
2. The sum - mer is o - ver and win - ter is here, Heigh - ho, the

sum - mer time!  
sum - mer time!

sum - mer time! He had but a brief lit - tle mes - sage to tell,  
sum - mer time! Oh, sing a new song that is full of good cheer!

*cres.* *mf*

Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time! He chirped in the morn - ing and  
Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time! You sad lit - tle sing - er, you

*cres.* *mf*

Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time! Loud he  
Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time! Ah, you

*cres.* *mf*

chirped in the night, Re - peat - ing the mot - to with  
ought to have learned A song for the sea - son when

chirped in the night, Chirped with  
ought to have learned Just how

great . de - light.  
tastes . have turned;

great de - light. He nev - er grew wea - ry, though  
tastes have turned; Per - haps through the win - ter your

“Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!”  
“Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!”

oth - er folk might, - “Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!”  
way you'd have earned, - “Heigh - ho, the sum - mer time!”

## O TENNESSEE!

LOUISE STICKNEY

SEPTIMUS WINNER

*Espressivo*  
*mp*

1. O Ten - nes-see, old Ten - nes-see, my home of long a -  
 2. O Ten - nes-see, O Ten - nes-see, your or-chards bloom and  
 3. O Ten - nes-see, O Ten - nes-see, so soft and slow of

*mf*  
 go, Where riv - ers down their peace - ful way Are .  
 shine, The red - bird nods a sau - cy crest, And the  
 tongue, Your soil from stran - gers' rule - was free Since

**REFRAIN**  
*mp*  
 flow - ing wide and slow.  
 mock - er sings like nine. So car - ry me back to Ten - nes - see,  
 first the world was young. *mp*

There all the good things meet, Where sum - mers stay till

time for May With the cane be - side the wheat. Then *mf*



*p*  
Ten - nes - see, Ten - nes - see,  
car - ry me back, Oh, car - ry me back,  
*mf* There good things meet, *mp* Where sum - mers stay till  
*mf* There all the good things meet,  
time for May, With the cane *dim.* be - side the wheat. *p*

## ECHO SONG

ROBERT BRIGHAM

ELMER S. HOSMER

*Con grazia*  
*mp*  
1. When Ech - o I hear (So far and clear) I think with a  
2. I tell her once more (The sto - ry o'er;) She's mock - ing at  
word (I've waked a bird;) me (With elf - in glee;) She says, "Not I!"  
She sighs, "O stay!"  
A - gain I cry, "O Ech - o, re - ply!"  
But should I say, "I'll go on my way."

MARIE CONDÉ

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

*Leggiero**mp*

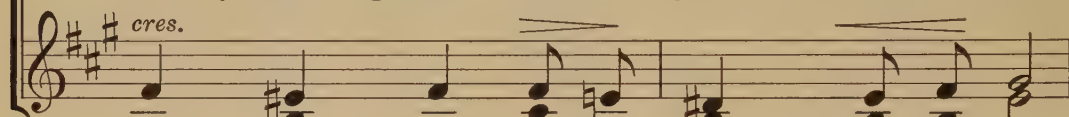
1. Non - sense, . Pus-sy Wil - low! Put your muff a - way,  
 2. Ev - 'ry . . lit - tle mead - ow Begs a coat of green;



1. Pus - sy Wil - low! Put your muff a - way,  
 2. Ev - 'ry mead - ow Begs a coat of green;



Fur is out of sea - son When spring has come to stay.  
 Ev - 'ry shin - ing birch tree Im - plores a bright - er sheen.



Out of sea - son When spring comes to stay.  
 Ev - 'ry birch tree Im - plores bright - er sheen.



Here's the blue-eyed A - pril Danc-ing through the trees, .  
 Non-sense, Pus - sy Wil - low! Put your muff a - way, . .



Wear-ing . on her bon - net The feath - er of a breeze.  
 Fur is . out of sea - son When spring has come to stay. .



On her bon - net The feath - er of a breeze. .  
 Out of sea - son When spring has come to stay. . .

# GOLDENROD

51

M. LOUISE BAUM  
*Dolce cantabile*  
*p*

HELEN S. LEAVITT

1. Shin - ing fields of gold - en - rod in its  
2. Shin - ing dreams in quaint and fan - ci - ful  
3. Shin - ing trees in fern - y glades or in

1. When shine the qui - et Sep - tem - ber fields With gol - den - rod in its  
2. I see the for - ests of fair - y - land In quaint and fan - ci - ful  
3. Neath shin - ing trees of that won - der - world In fern - y glades or in

glo - ry, An old - en - tale of fair - y lore, An  
sto - ry, Where O - ber - on, his queen to please, Set  
flow - 'ry, To do her will, sweet Fair - y Queen, Ride

glo - ry, Fair - y lore, . . . An  
sto - ry, O - ber - on, . . . Set  
flow - 'ry, At her will, . . . Ride

ech - o . far from days of yore, My fan - cy . o - ver - whelms.  
forth a . world of . state - ly trees, Ten mil - lion gold - en elms.  
no - ble knights of . court - ly mien, In plum - y, . gold - en helms.

ech - o from days of yore, My fan - cy o - ver - whelms.  
forth, his dear queen to please, Ten mil - lion gold - en elms.  
brave knights of court - ly mien, In plum - y, gold - en helms.



## WEST WIND'S SONG

JOHN REED  
*Tranquillamente*JEAN BAPTISTE DE LULLY  
Arranged

*mp*

1. Dew on the  
2. Wea - ry of

*pp*

1. Lull - a - by, lull - a, lull - a - by, Hear the west-ern wind with  
2. Lull - a - by, lull - a, lull - a - by, Hear the west-ern wind with

*mp*

1. Dew on the  
2. Wea - ry of

corn and dew on the clo - ver,  
toil or pleas - ures of day - light,

lull - a - by, Lull, lull - a - by, O sweet west wind,  
lull - a - by, Lull, lull - a - by, O sweet west wind,

corn and dew on the clo - ver,  
toil or pleas - ure of day - light,

*mf* *dim.*

Cool - ness and calm when bright day is o - ver;  
All things may wel - come eve - ning's own gray light;

*mp* *dim.*

Lull - a - by, lull, lull - a - by, For day - time is o - ver, So  
Lull - a - by, lull, lull - a - by, You bring us the gray light, When

*mf* *dim.*

Cool - ness and calm when bright day is o - ver;  
All things may wel - come eve - ning's own gray light;

*p* Hush - ing the pines that shad - ow the sky, . . .  
*p* On - ly the night moth ven - tures a - wing, . . .

*cres.*

*p* hush - ing the tall pines that shad - ow the sky, Soft the  
*p* on - ly the night moth may ven - ture a - wing, Then up -

*cres.*

*mf* Voice of the west - ern wind . . . sings lull - a - by.  
*mf* Borne on the breath of song, . . . the zeph - yrs sing.

*dim. e rallentando* *pp*

*mf* voice of the west - ern wind sings lull - a - by.  
*mf* borne on the breath of song, the zeph - yrs sing.

*dim. e rall.* *pp*

## SNOW DREAMS

JEAN NEAL

*Sostenuto*

ELMER S. HOSMER

*p*

1. Snow on the moun - tain, Drift in the foun - tain,  
 2. Dream - ing of spring - time, Bird - song and wing - time,  
 3. Through dark - ness leap - ing, From earth es - cap - ing,

*p*

*mf* White in the val - ley, Er - mine on the tree.  
*mf* When down the hill - side Brooks will trick - le free.  
*mf* All wa - ters min - gle In the cleans - ing sea.

## O TUNEFUL HOSTS

From the LATIN  
Translated by M. LOUISE BAUM

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Arranged from the "Christmas Oratorio"

*Maestoso*

1. O tune-ful hosts, a-rise, rise and a-dore Him!  
2. O sons of God, a-rise, rise in thanks-giv-ing,

Sing, O earth, a hymn of praise, prais-es to our God.  
Joy-ful songs His pow'r pro-claim, glo-ri-fy our God.

Lift joy-ous hearts on high, wor-ship be-fore Him,  
Glad of His love and care, all crea-tures liv-ing

His the light of all our ways, He is God the Lord.  
Wor-ship His most ho-ly Name, He is God, the Lord.

Thank Him for good-ness that cares for His peo-ple,  
Who can with-stand Him, vic-to-ri-ous ev-er?



*cres.*  
*f*  
 Sing His maj-es-ty, Tell His glo-ry, Sing and praise His Name.  
 Sing His maj-es-ty, Tell His glo-ry, Sing and praise His Name.  
*cres.*  
*f*

## MORNING PRAYER

CAROLINE FULLER  
*Religioso*

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK  
 Arranged

*p*  
 1. Heav - en - ly Fa - ther, through sleep Thou hast kept me,  
 2. Sweet may it be with the beau - ty of serv - ice,  
*p*

Hum - bly I thank Thee for care through the night, (For the  
 Good - ness and mer - cy like Thine, Lord, dis - play, (And when

*cres.*  
*mf*  
 gift of this day,) Oh, may it all . . be fair in Thy sight.  
 ev - en - tide falls,) May I re - store . . a glo - ri - fied day.  
*cres.*  
*mf*  
 May all . . be fair in Thy sight.  
 Re - store . . a glo - ri - fied day.

## SUN AND SHADOW

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

OLD ENGLISH MELODY

*Allegretto*  
*mp*

1. When days are long, . . Sun - loved and fair, . .  
2. Now winds blow cold, . . Clouds gray the sky, . .

Life is a song, . . Hearts have no care.  
Lambs seek the fold, . . Birds home - ward fly.

Bees in the flow'rs, . . Dew on the grass, .  
Bare is the hill, . . Si - lent the stream; .

Ah, that these hours . . Ev - er should pass!  
Sum - mer may still . . Live in our dream.



*Hadley*



*Donizetti*



*Chopin*



*Meyerbeer*





NANCY BYRD TURNER

*Ben marcato*

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

1. Swing bells, ring bells, sound from loft and stee - ple;  
 2. Dear star, clear star, rise on hill and val - ley,

Loft Hill and and stee - ple;  
 Hill and and val - ley,

Swing bells, ring bells, joy for all the peo - ple.  
 Dear star, clear star, light - ing street and al - ley.

For Street all and peo - ple,  
 Street all and al - ley,

*mp* All the birds have flown a - way . with the sum - mer time,  
*mp* All the flow'rs have blown a - way, . blos - soms, leaf, and vine;

*mf* Ring your mu - sic on the air; Chime, bells, chime!  
 Shed your beau - ty on the world; Shine, star, shine!

*f* Chime, Shine, bells, star, chime! shine!  
 Chime, bells, chime! Ring your mu - sic, ring a mer - ry chime.  
 Shine, star, shine! Shed your beauty, lovely star, and shine!

## O SILVER STREAM

F. E. WEATHERLY

Adapted

P. de FAYE

Arranged

*Andantino*

*p*

1. Dream, dream, O sil-ver stream, 'Neath yon qui-et wil-low  
2. Croon, croon be-neath the moon Where your lil-y pools are

*mp*

hid-ing. Flow, flow, mur-m'ring low,  
ly-ing. Swift, swift, cease to drift,  
*mp*  
Flow, flow, mur-m'ring soft and low, sil-ver  
Swift, swift, will you cease to drift when the

*glid ply*

Stream for-ev-er sea-ward glid-ing, on you  
Bus-y mills their wheels are ply-ing, as you

*ing! ing.*

*dim.*

*p*

go! Sil-ver stream, tell me your dream, dream;  
flow? Sil-ver stream, be-neath the moon, croon;  
*dim.* *p*



*p*

Far, far by har - bor bar Ships at an - chor are  
 Far, far where white ships are Turns my fan - cy with

*p*

rid - ing. Flow, : : flow, : :  
 sigh - ing. Flow, : : flow, : :

Flow, : : flow, : :  
 Flow, : : flow, : :

*mf*

Down to the sails and the sea, . Oh, bear them a song . from  
 Down to the sails and the sea, . Oh, bear them a song . from

*mf*

Down to the dis - tant sea, . Oh, bear a song . from  
 Down to the dis - tant sea, . Oh, bear a song . from

1. *dim.*

me, . a song from me. .

*dim.*

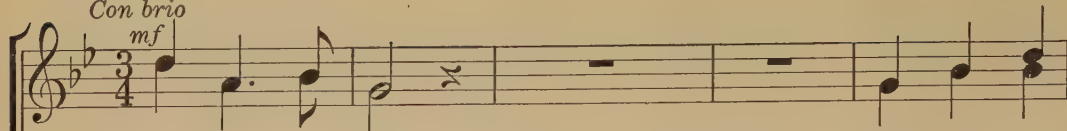
2. *f*

me, . a song from me. .

## HAIL TO THE SUN!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

EARL TOWNER

*Con brio**mf*

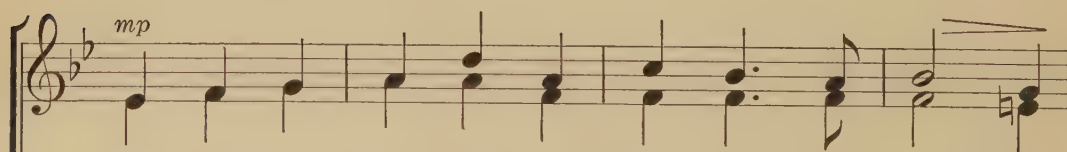
1. Hail to the Sun! Hail to the Sun! Bring-ing a  
 2. Hail to the Light! Hail to the Light! Source of our

*mf*

gift to ev - 'ry - one. Wel - come the Day!  
 be - ing, warm and bright! Wel - come a - gain,



Wel-come the Day! With meas-ure of la - bor and play. .  
 Wel-come a - gain The task for the hand or the brain. .



Ours are the sec - onds to seize as they fly And  
 Sad are the peo - ple with noth - ing to do, For

*mp*

turn in - to treas-ure un - told; Ours are the mo-ments that  
where is the joy of their day? Hap - pi - ness ev - er a -

wealth sad un their told; day!  
quick-ly go by, Built in - to hours of pure gold.  
waits me and you, Bus - y and ac - tive and gay.  
Hours Life pure is gold. gay.

*mf* Hail to the Sun! Hail to the Sun! Bring-ing a gift to  
Hail to the Light! Hail to the Light! Source of our be - ing,  
*mf* *cres.*

ev - 'ry - one. Wel-come the Day! Wel-come the Day! Our  
warm and bright! Wel-come a - gain, Wel-come a - gain, Our  
*f*

own . rare gift, . part work, part . play. .  
own . good task . for hand or . . brain. .  
*un poco rit*

Hail to the Sun, Hail to the Sun!  
Hail to the Light, Hail to the Light!



## THE GAVOTTE

EUGENE BAZOT

English version by M. LOUISE BAUM

GASTON LEMAIRE

Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

*Leggiero**p*

What is like thy danc - ing? Not the swal - low's

*mp*

flight, Not the sun-beam's glanc - ing Moves so air - y light.

Dawn, the all - en - tranc - ing, Pales at sight of thee;

Dawn will pale at sight of thee;

Birds and flow'rs are en - vi - ous thy face to see.

# THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

63

Seem - ly thy at - tire is, Scent - ed like the rose, Lav - en - der and

*mf*

Scent - ed like the rose,

i - ris From thy foot - ing flows; Rare and deb - o -

*mp*

From thy foot - ing flows; *mp* Deb - o - -

naire is Ev - 'ry look and line, O thou sum of

*cres.*

*cres.*

love - li - ness, Wert thou but mine! Pow - der on thy

*mf*

heap of ra - ven hair . . . Adds a sheen of sil - ver,

*mp*

Fashion's art-ful wear. Sil-ver heels are tilt-ing, slim and

*mf* O my love-ly La-dy, be but mine! *mp* fine, . *mf* O my La-dy, be but mine! *mp* Fair Mar-

quise of old-en days, Tell me not nay, I nev-er nay!

*cres.* pray; . From thy frame of fil-i-gree Trip out to

*mf* me, to me. Ah, were maids but now so *mf* Gra-cious be to me.

# THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

65

state - ly sweet as thou, as thou! Would they  
Love - ly now! Oh, would they

bor - row half thy charm, 'Twould do no harm, no harm.  
Oh, no harm, no harm!

*a tempo*  
*mp* State - ly is thy danc - ing, Win - ning is thy

smile, Dig - ni - ty en - hanc - ing Beau - ty all the while.

Mod - est thy ad - vanc - ing, Care - ful, yet at ease,  
Mod - est, care - ful, yet at ease,



## THE GAVOTTE (CONTINUED)

La - dies of the old - en days were proud to please.

*mf* Danc - ing so de - mure - ly, Ex - qui - site thy art;  
*mp* Ex - qui - site thy art;

Thou, Mar - quise, se - cure - ly Hast my loy - al heart.  
 Hast my loy - al heart.

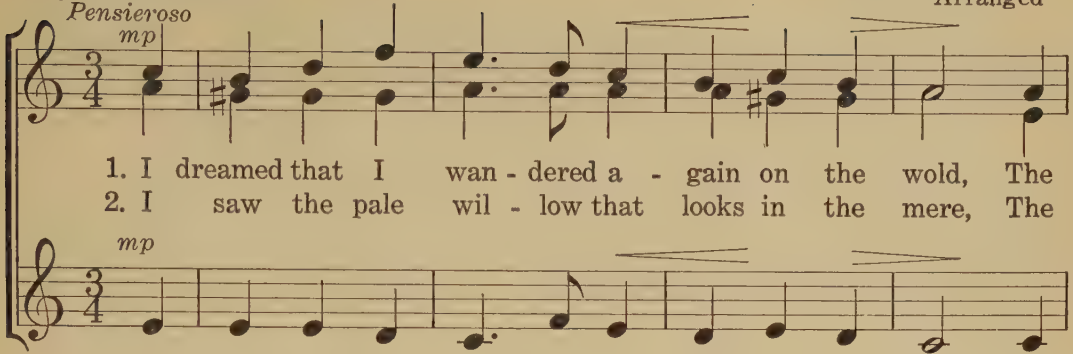
*cres.* Maids to - day would sure - ly Win me, would they dance  
*cres.* Maids could sure - ly Win me, would they dance

*mf* With thy grace and *cres.* ease, Mar - quise of old - time France.

After the GERMAN  
by LOUISE STICKNEY  
*Pensieroso*

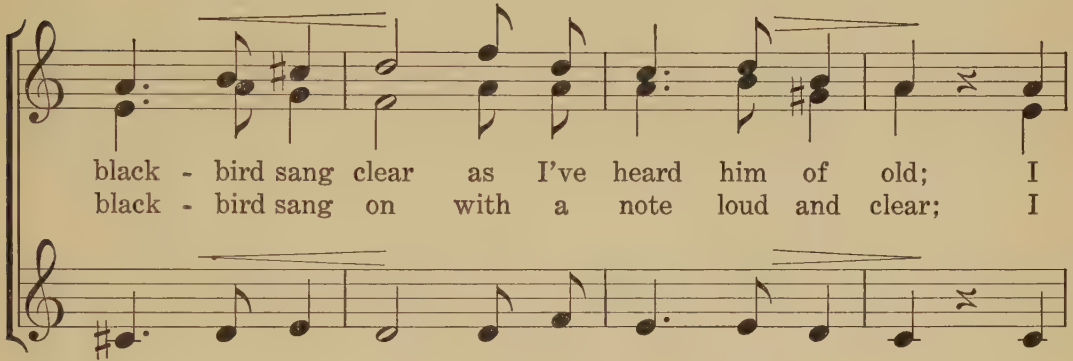
ROBERT SCHUMANN  
Arranged

*mp*



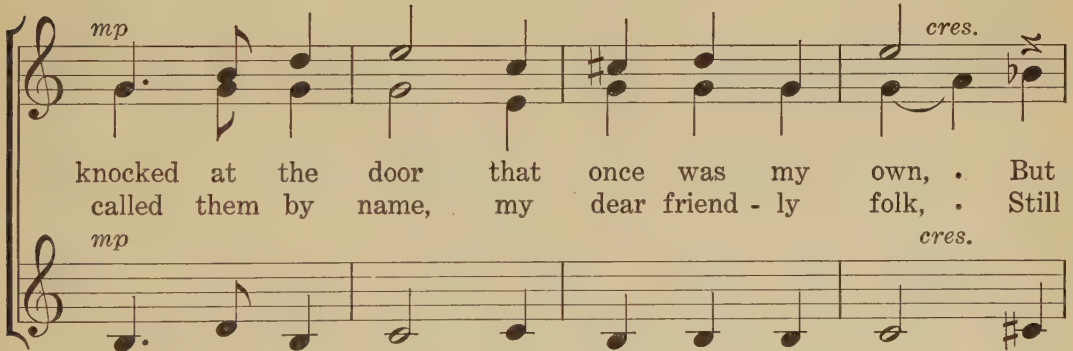
1. I dreamed that I wan - dered a - gain on the wold, The  
2. I saw the pale wil - low that looks in the mere, The

*mp*



black - bird sang clear as I've heard him of old; I  
black - bird sang on with a note loud and clear; I

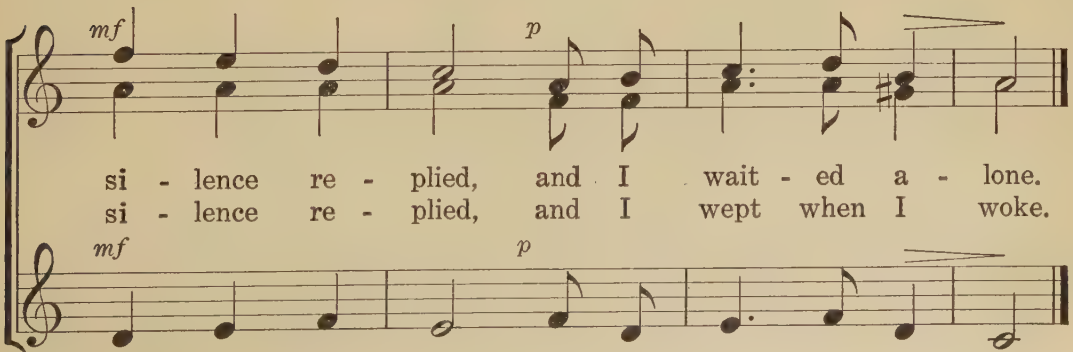
*mp*



knocked at the door that once was my own, . But  
called them by name, my dear friend - ly folk, . Still

*mp* *cres.*

*mf* *p*



si - lence re - plied, and I wait - ed a - lone.  
si - lence re - plied, and I wept when I woke.

*mf* *p*

## THE SONG OF THE LARK

DENIS A. MCCARTHY  
*Allegretto*IRISH FOLK TUNE  
Arranged

*mf*

1. His mu - sic ten - der - ly, sweet - ly, slen - der - ly  
2. For shel - tered co - si - ly where so ros - i - ly

Thread-ing the ear - ly blue, The lark has ris - en from  
Clo - ver is flushed with light, His love a - waits him while

night's dull pris-on With song that is fresh as dew. Still  
song e - lates him In yon-der ma-jes - tic height. The

*mp*

high - er go - ing Past all know - ing,  
world may laud him, All ap - plaud him,

Far Fame he con - soars, . . . A She  
Lost in the ze-nith he soars, . . . While down the az-ure a  
Hon-or and fame to con - fer; . . . But mid the clo-ver she

*p*

gold - en treas-ure In song to the mead-ow he pours.  
 lists her lov - er And knows that his song is for her.

*mf* *dim.* *p*

## IN THE GARDEN

ROBERT BRIGHAM

FAY WILSON

*Espressivo*  
*mp*

1. Sweet is the pur-ple i - ris, Sweet is the queen-ly rose, .  
 2. Cos - mos may shine in sil-ver, Lark - spur be brave in blue, .

*mp*

Sweet - ly the breath of lil - ies O - ver the gar-den flows;  
 Crim - son may deck the dah-lia's, Clos - ing the year's re-view;

Sweet - er, though all un - seen, Is mi-gnon-ette in brown and green.  
 She is my choice a - lone, Shy mi-gnon-ette in green and brown.

*mf* *rit.*



## LOVELY JUNE

M. LOUISE BAUM  
*Dolce con grazia*

GAETANO DONIZETTI  
Arranged

*mf*

1. Love-ly June is queen of all the year, The birds with  
2. Love-ly June, how kind your fa-vors are To those who

*mf*

1. Love-ly June is queen of all the year, The birds with  
2. Love-ly June, how kind your fa-vors are To those who

1. Love-ly June is queen of all the year, The birds with  
2. Love-ly June, how kind your fa-vors are To those who

songs ac-claim her, With a crown of ros-es round her  
long for free-dom, And the high-way lur-ing us a-

songs ac-claim her, With a crown of ros-es round her  
long for free-dom, And the high-way lur-ing us a-

songs ac-claim her, With a crown of ros-es round her  
long for free-dom, And the high-way lur-ing us a-

*p poco piu moto*

hair, Her gar-ments lac-y green. She's a la-dy  
far Is yours, O roy-al queen. And you pour your

*p*

hair, Her gar-ments lac-y green, lac-y green. La-dy  
far Is yours, O roy-al queen, roy-al queen. Pour your

*p*

hair, Her gar-ments lac-y green, lac-y green. La-dy  
far Is yours, O roy-al queen, roy-al queen. Pour your

proud and gra - cious In her throne room  
gold of sun - shine Till the poor - est

proud . and gra - cious, Throned 'neath  
gold . of sun - shine Till each

hung with blue; . . Oh, sweet June is the queen of the  
hand o'er - flows; . . You are queen of the world's ad - o -

skies of blue; . . Sweet June is the queen of  
hand o'er - flows; . . Oh, queen of our ad - o -

sea - sons, . . Let us of - fer our hom-age a - new. . . . .  
ra - tion . . Mid the in-cense of lil - y and rose. . . . .

sea - sons; Oh, let us of - fer our hom-age a - new. . . . .  
ra - tion, Crown her mid in-cense of lil - y and rose. . . . .

## THE NEW YEAR

M. LOUISE BAUM

*Animato*

PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

Arranged

*mp*

1. Who comes with danc - ing . glee, Smil - ing on you . and . me,  
2. Free - ly his gifts . he . flings, Work, play, and count - less things,

*mp*

*mf* *mp*

Trip - ping light with prom - ise bright? Oh, see! Yes, 'tis the  
Loss and gain, and sun and rain He brings. Choose then the

*mf* *mp*

glad . New Year, Still to the peo - ple . dear. Bring him in with  
bet - ter . part, He gives the ask - ing . heart Hon - est joys, or

*cres.* *mf*

cheer - y din, 'Tis he! The New Year, the New Year, The  
child - ish toys, Or wings. The New Year, the New Year, The

*cres.* *mf*

# THE NEW YEAR (CONTINUED)

73

*leggiere* *marcato* *f*

glad, the gay, the gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the  
 glad, the gay, the gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the

gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the  
 gal - lant New Year; Oh, wel - come the

*marcato* *f*

New Year, The har - bin - ger of life and joy.  
 New Year, The har - bin - ger of life and joy.

New Year. He brings life and joy.  
 New Year. He brings life and joy.

## RUTH AND NAOMI

After the FRENCH  
 by MARY STANHOPE

CÉSAR FRANCK  
 Arranged

*Lusingando* *mp*

1. Bid me not to leave thee, Dou - bly to be - reave thee,  
 2. Let me dwell be - side - thee, Share what'e'er be - tide - thee.

*mp*

*mf* *dim. e rall.* *p*

Where thou go - est I will go, . Though by - paths un - trod.  
 Moth - er, be thy peo - ple mine, . Ev - en - mine thy God.

*mf* *dim. e rall.* *p*



## EYE HATH NOT SEEN

From the Bible  
*Andantino religioso*

ALFRED R. GAUL  
Arranged from "The Holy City"  
by IDA MARIE BUNTING

*mp*  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
*mp*  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not  
Neith-er have en-tered in-to the heart of man The  
heard, Nor have en-tered in-to the heart of man.  
*mp* *cres.*  
things which God, which God hath pre-par-ed For them that  
*mp* *cres.*  
The things which God hath pre-pared for them that  
*mp*  
love Him, For them that love Him. Eye hath not  
*mp*  
Eye  
*mf*  
seen the things which God hath pre-pared for them that.  
*mf*  
hath not seen the things pre-pared for them that

*piu mosso*

love Him. There re - main - eth there - fore a rest

for the peo - ple, the peo - ple of God. There - fore

*mf*

There - fore fear, . . . there - fore fear, . . . Lest

There - fore fear, There - fore fear,

an - y come short . of it. There - fore

There - fore fear, There - fore fear,

*cres.*

There - fore fear, . . . there - fore fear, (there - fore fear,) Lest

there - fore fear, there - fore fear,

there - fore fear, there - fore fear, . . .

there - fore fear, there - fore fear,

## EYE HATH NOT SEEN (CONTINUED)

an - y come short . of it, Lest an - y come

short, come short of it. Eye hath not seen, Eye hath not

ear hath not heard, Neith - er have en - tered seen, ear hath not heard, Nor have

in - to the heart of man, Eye hath not seen the en - tered in - to the heart of man, the things which

God hath pre - pared, things pre - pared, pre - pared for them that love . . Him. God hath pre - pared, pre - pared for them that love . . Him.

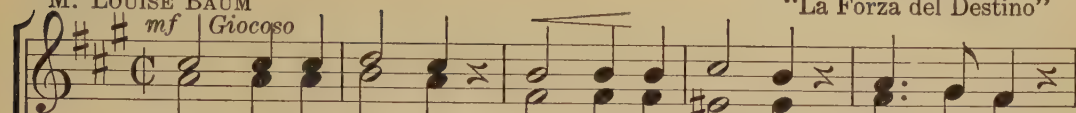
# THE GYPSY PEDDLER

77

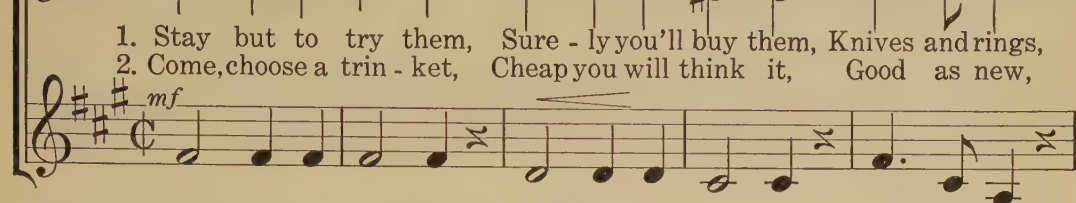
M. F. PIAVE  
English version by  
M. LOUISE BAUM

GIUSEPPE VERDI  
Arranged from  
"La Forza del Destino"


*mf* *Giocoso*



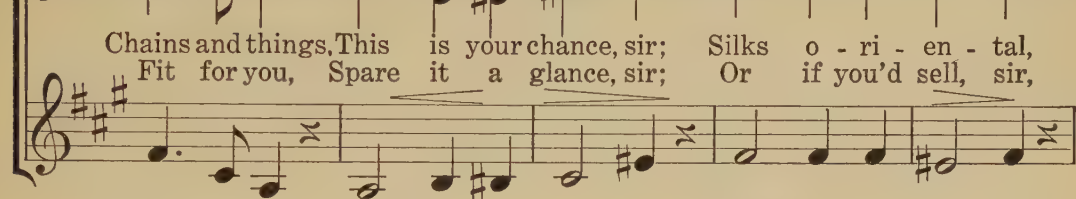

1. Stay but to try them, Sure - ly you'll buy them, Knives and rings,  
2. Come, choose a trin - ket, Cheap you will think it, Good as new,



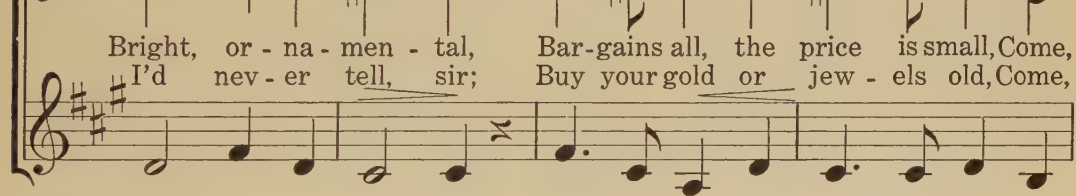
*mf*




Chains and things, This is your chance, sir; Silks o - ri - en - tal,  
Fit for you, Spare it a glance, sir; Or if you'd sell, sir,

Bright, or - na - men - tal, Bar-gains all, the price is small, Come,  
I'd nev - er tell, sir; Buy your gold or jew - els old, Come,

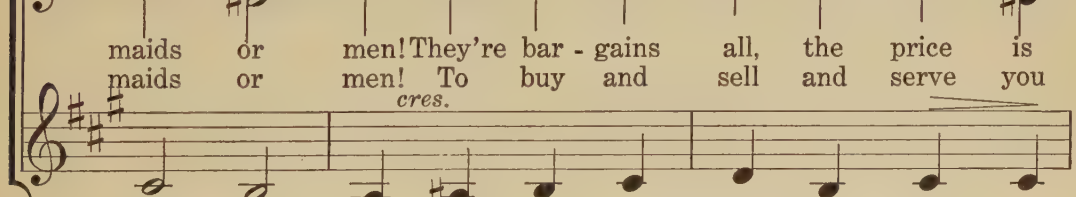


*cres.*




maids or men! They're bar - gains all, the price is  
maids or men! To buy and sell and serve you

*cres.*

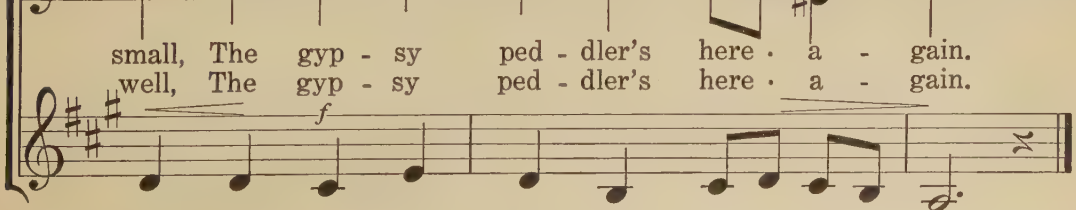


*f*



small, The gyp - sy ped - dler's here a - gain.  
well, The gyp - sy ped - dler's here a - gain.

*f*





## SONG OF ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

RALPH L. BALDWIN

*Con spirito*  
*mf*

1. On - ward pranc - ing, keen - ly glanc - ing, Come ad -  
2. For - ward far - ing, great - ly dar - ing, Proud of

On bold ad - ven - ture  
We ven - ture bold - ly

vanc - ing Knights of the Ta - ble Round. .  
bear - ing, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. .

fare we forth, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . . Some  
on the Quest, Knights of the Ta - ble Round. . . Some

South - ward, north - ward, Tread - ing ho - ly ground. . For  
East - ward, west - ward, Till our task be found. . Per -

ride to south and some to north, Tread - ing ho - ly ground. .  
ride to east and some to west Till our task be found. . .

*mp*

love has toiled be - fore us, And faith has marked the road, . And  
haps to res - cue Beau - ty, Per - haps to pun - ish wrong, But

*mp*

*cres.*

glo - ry arch - es o'er us Where the He - roes trod. . Ride  
on the path of du - ty Still our hearts are strong! Ride

*cres.*

He - roes brave have trod. .  
Hearts are sure and strong. .

on! . Ride on! . You no - ble Knights, in Ar - thur's name! Ride  
 on! . Ride on! . You no - ble Knights, a - cross the world! Ride

on! . Ride on! . With val - or for your crest, . Each  
 on! . Ride on! . With hon - or for your shield, . Your

jew - eled sword so bright and true Is glow - ing like a  
 ban - ner - ets of loy - al blue A - bout your heads un -

flame. Ride on! . Ride on! . The King has need of you; Through  
 furled. Ride on! . Ride on! . The King has faith in you; . By

rain and sun till you have won Your knight - ly Quest. .  
 day and night de - fend the right And nev - er yield. .

*cres.*  
*cres.*  
*f*  
*f*  
*mp* *leggiero*  
*mp*  
*mf* *molto* *cres.* *ff*  
*mf* *ff*

FOLGER MCKINSEY

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

*Andante con moto**mp*

1. Don't you know it's au - tumn, And the folks have put a -  
 2. Don't you know it's au - tumn, And the folks have been so

way The film - i - ness of sum - mer And the  
 smart They've packed a - way a thou - sand Dreams of

rhap - so - dy of May, . . Pack - ing up the  
 sum - mer in the heart, . The mag - ic of bright

bub - bles and the blos - soms, and the dew, To .  
 morn - ings with the rob - ins sing - ing sweet, And the

Till the A - pril  
 And the ros - es

keep them o - ver win - ter Till the  
 mar - i - golds and clo - ver, And the

buds in come the true. wheat.

A - pril buds come true.  
ros - es in the wheat.

3. Don't you know it's

*p*

au - tumn And . ev - 'ry - where in town They're

wrap-ping up the mem-'ries That the sum-mer show-ered down, -

*un poco rit.*

*un poco rit.*

*mf* Nights of sil - ver moon - light, with a rip - ple on the

*dim.*

*mf* *dim.*

stream, And . lov - ers in the li - lacs, And .

stream, ah, moon-light And . lov - ers in the li - lacs

*cres.*

sil - ver stream, Lov - ers in the li - lacs,



## AUTUMN (CONTINUED)

lov - ers, and the old, old dream.

Old, old dream.

And the old, old dream. . Old, old dream.

## HUNGARIAN DANCE

JOHN REED

ČZARDAS

HUNGARIAN MELODY

*Spiritoso*  
*mf*

1. Turn - ing, tread - ing, maz - es thread - ing, How the danc - ers  
2. Stamp - ing, kneel - ing, bend - ing, wheel - ing, Gal - lant - ly he

wind and swing Light a - round the grass - y ring. Gyp - sy mu - sic  
leads the maid In and out the leaf - y glade. Crim - son heels are

sways them, Com - pell - ing ere' it stays them, As  
flash - ing, And sil - ver spurs are clash - ing, While

hand on hip, and head in air, . Proud of skill they cir - cle there.  
scarfs of ev - 'ry hue en - hance Hun - ga - ry's vi - va - cious dance.

# IN MORNING LIGHT

83

ROBERT BRIGHAM

*Allegretto*

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

Arranged from "Cinq Mars"

*mp*

1. Where I roam when morn - ing is near, Yours the voice in  
 2. Skies are grow - ing crys - tal and gold, So your maid - en

bird song I hear; Vio - let's op - 'ning eyes, O my dear, Are your  
 fan - cies un - fold; All the land in light I be - hold As when

*mp*

own, in their blue be - guil - ing. Sweet the fresh - ness  
 you turn to greet me, smil - ing. Dawn may o - pen

*mp*

own, in their blue be - guil - ing so sweet!  
 you turn to greet me, smil - ing at dawn.

born of the dew, Sweet - er still my thoughts of you.  
 ros - y and bright, You a - lone dis - pel my night.

But Ah, sweet - er my thoughts of you.  
 Ah, you can dis - pel my night.

*cres.* *mf* *dim. e rit.* *p*

What if will - ful wild - rose knew It is you in her name I praise!  
 You are still the morn - ing light Bring - ing beau - ty to all my days.

*cres.* *mf* *dim. e rit.* *p*

## THE HIKE

NELLIE POORMAN  
Marziale  
mf

HARRY HARTS

1. Hear the drum, boys! On we come, boys! Keep - ing  
2. Off to - geth - er, scorn - ing weath - er, For we

time with march - ing feet, We're off to - day, a jol - ly band, All  
love the o - pen air; We're friends with wind and rain and cold, They

val - iant of heart and strong of hand; We are read - y, firm and  
make ev - 'ry scout more free and bold; Voic - es ring - ing, or - ders

We Our fear hearts no have de - feat, care,  
stead - y, For we fear no real de - feat,  
fling - ing; Yes, our hearts are free of care, mf

Nor We're fear free de - feat, care, We're a March - ing

All March pledged to do the kind and true For -  
march mile on mile in gal - lant style, Though  
loy - al crew, All pledged to do the kind and true For -  
songs be - guile, Oh, march mile on mile in gal - lant style, Though



ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Ev - 'ry scout will car - ry through.  
wea - ry, scouts are cheer - y, Meet - ing trou - bles with a smile.

*a tempo* *f*

## A SONG

M. LOUISE BAUM  
*Lento espressivo*  
*mp*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN  
Arranged

1. I hear a sound of sing - ing go A - cross drear - y moors mid  
2. He sings of fire - side peace and cheer, Of moth - er - ly love and

*mp*

I hear a . sound of song mid .  
He sings of . peace and cheer and .

*mp*

A - cross drear - y moors mid .  
Of moth - er - ly love and .

*mf* *dim.* *p*

dark - ness and snow, A lone - ly child Who sings of . hope and of home - land.  
fa - ther - ly care. O slen - der song That lights the des - o - late moor - land!

*mf* *dim.* *p*

dark - ness and snow, A lone - ly child Who sings of hope and of home - land.  
fa - ther - ly care. O slen - der song That lights the des - o - late moor - land!

*mf* *dim.* *p*



## THE WHIPPOORWILL

ROBERT HILLYER

ADOLF WEIDIG

*Pensieroso*

1. Thrush is still, Wakes the lone - ly  
2. Oth - ers sleep! Dark - ling vig - il

1. The ghost - ly her - mit thrush is still, Now wakes the lone - ly  
2. O haunt - ing voice, while oth - ers sleep Our dark - ling vig - il

whip - poor - will : Sad noc - tur - nal song : :  
we shall keep, : Till a - cross the dark : :

whip - poor - will Sad noc - tur - nal song : That  
we shall keep, Till a - cross the dark : The

Through the wood . the whole night long, The voice of one re -  
Morn - ing calls . her joy - ful lark. Be - fore the dawn - ing

comes the whole night long. The voice of one re -  
morn - ing calls the lark. Be - fore the ros - y,

mem - bered dream Comes back to roam be - side the stream Where  
height is clear, Be - fore the sun has hurled his spear, We

mem - bered dream Comes back : : : : : Where  
dawn - ing height is clear, : : : : : We

*cres.*

on - ly danc - ing moon-beams share The qui - e - tude . of  
two shall hide . our dreams a - way In glades that nev - er

*cres.*

*mf* *p*

Whip - poor - will, It  
Si - lent there To

shad - owed air, . Whip - poor-will! No earth - ly bird, — It  
saw the day, . Si - lent there to lie . un - til Night

*mf* *p*

was the night . I heard.  
lie, O whip - poor-will!

*p*

was . the night it - self . I heard. Thrush is  
comes a - gain, O Whip - poor-will! Oth - ers

*mp*

The ghost - ly her - mit  
O haunt - ing voice! . While

still, Wakes the lone - ly whip-poor-will .  
sleep, Dark - ling vig - il we shall keep, .

thrush is still, Now wakes the lone - ly whip - poor-will,  
oth - ers sleep, Our dark - ling vig - il we shall keep,

## THE WHIPPOORWILL (CONTINUED)

Sad noc - tur - nal song . . . Through the wood the  
Till a - cross the dark . . . Morn - ing calls . her

Sad noc - tur - nal song . That comes the  
Till a - cross the dark . The morn - ing

whole night long, Sing - ing, sing - ing all night long. .  
joy - ful lark, Morn - ing, morn - ing calls her lark. .

whole night long.  
calls her lark.

## THE OLD CLOCK

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

EARL TOWNER

*Ben marcato*  
*mf*

1. To and fro, to and fro, Grand - fa - ther Clock  
2. To and fro, to and fro, Grand - fa - ther Clock

1. To and fro, to and fro, Grand - fa - ther Clock .  
2. To and fro, to and fro, Grand - fa - ther Clock .

1. and 2. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, Tick, tock, tick, tock,

*mp*

still you go! Creep-ing slow, creep-ing slow,  
 an - swers low, "Ver - y slow, ver - y slow,

*mp*

still you . go! As . creep-ing slow, creep-ing slow,  
 an - swers low, "Ah, . ver - y slow, ver - y slow,

*mp*

goes the . old clock. Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock, .

*piu mosso*

One by one the . hours go. Who can speed the . stead-y pace?  
 When you're young I . seem so. I have run for . man-y years,

*piu mosso*

One by one the hours go. Who can speed the . stead-y pace?  
 When you're young I seem so. I have run for . man-y years,

Hour by hour creeps ver - y slow.

*cres.* *mf*

Who jump a space? Should one shake him  
 Through joys and tears. I go speed - ing

*cres.* *mf*

Who can make him . jump a space? Should one shake him .  
 Years that brought both . joy and tears. I go speed - ing .

*cres.* *mf*



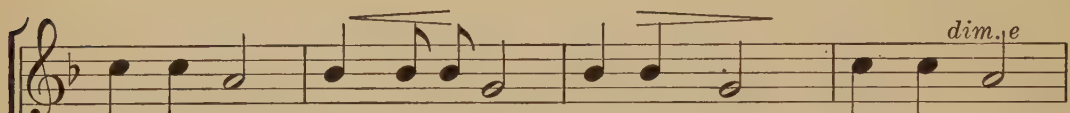
## THE OLD CLOCK (CONTINUED)



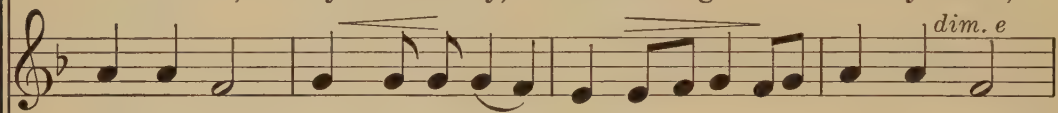
Could one make him Change his sol - emn meas - ure? To and fro,  
While un - heed - ing You waste time in pleas - ure. To and fro,



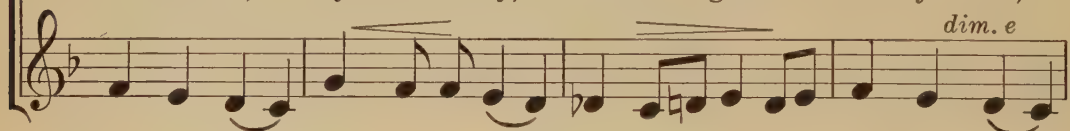
Could one make him Change his sol - emn meas - ure? To and fro,  
While un - heed - ing You waste time in pleas - ure. To and fro,



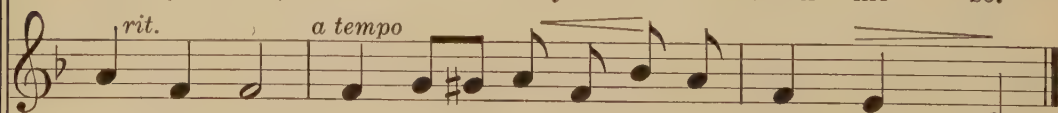
to and fro, Grand - father Clock, hob - bling so! Creep - ing slow,  
to and fro, Day aft - er day, still I go. Ver - y slow,



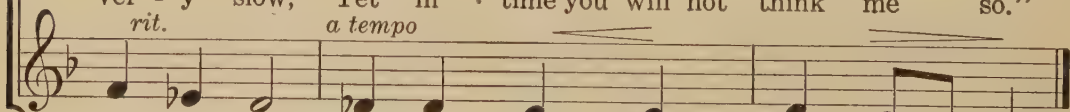
to and fro, Grand - father Clock, hob - bling so! A - creep - ing slow,  
to and fro, Day aft - er day, . still I . go. So . ver - y slow,



ver - y slow, Come now, just a lit - tle fast - er go!  
ver - y slow, Yet in time you will not think me so."



ver - y slow, Come now, just a lit - tle fast - er go!  
ver - y slow, Yet in . time you will not think me so."



Just a lit - tle fast - er go!  
"Time will prove I am not so."

# THE BLACKSMITH

91

CAROLINE FULLER

*Energico*

SWEDISH FOLK TUNE

1. Oh, the glam - our, cheer - y clam - or, In the  
 2. Ham - mer swing - ing, an - vil ring - ing, Chim - ing

smith - y down the street! O Vul - can's mighty ham - mer, We  
 out a bold re - ply, Bright sparks in clus - ters fling - ing, Like

Vul - can's ham - mer, We  
 Sparks are fling - ing, Like

love your rhyth - mic beat. With lust - y bel - lows blow - ing  
 shoot - ing stars they fly. The blacksmith sings a glad song,

To fan the forge fire's blaz - ing bed, When the  
 A lust - y bal - lad loud and clear. You will

The A fire's song *cres.* blaz - ing bed, clear.  
 loud and

iron with heat is glow - ing, O smith, shape it true while 'tis red.  
 nev - er hear a sad song; He strikes from his iron heart - y cheer.

## THE SHIP OF STATE

JEAN NEAL  
Grandioso  
*mf*

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
Arranged

1. Oh, the State is like a ship, (like a ship) Set - ting  
2. Oh, the Ship is fair to see, (fair to see) Strong of  
3. Oh, the Ship for - ev - er sails. (ev - er sails) She will

forth up - on a trip; (on a trip) Ev - 'ry  
build and proud and free; (proud and free) By the  
weath - er fierc - est gales, (fierc - est gales) With the

sail must be all read - y, And the bal - last must be  
toil of pa - triots build - ed, By the love of he - roes  
gal - lant Cap - tain steer - ing, And the bus - y sea - men

read - y, And the  
build - ed, By the  
steer - ing, And the

stead - y While the Cap - tain charts the  
weld - ed, With a com - pass which is  
cheer - ing. Called to *mf* fill the loy - al

stead - y . . . While the  
weld - ed, . . . With a  
cheer - ing. . . . Called to

way; All the sail - ors must o - bey.  
Law; Such a ship man nev - er saw.  
crew, What a test for *f* me and you.

NELLIE POORMAN

R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

*Con grazia*  
*mp*

Trav - el wher - e'er you  
If ad - ven - ture we  
Dressed in doub - let of

1. We trav - el in com - fort wher - ev - er we  
2. If dan - ger - ous sport or ad - ven - ture we  
3. To - day we are wear - ing a doub - let of

please, To Af - ri - ca, Swit - zer - land, Lon - don, or  
seek, A ride on the surf in Ha - wai - i may  
green, De - fy - ing King Rich - ard with Rob - in, the

please, . To Af - ri - ca, Lon - don, or  
seek, . A ride in Ha - wai - i may  
green, . Meet Rich - ard with Rob - in the

Nice. We . vis - it Ve - su - vi - us, moun - tain of  
thrill; A . coast on to - bog - gans, Ca - na - di - an  
bold; To - mor - row we're off with The Three Mus - ket -

fire, Then fly on our car - pet of mag - ic to Greece. A -  
style, Or ski - jump - ing give us a com - i - cal spill. Fierce  
eers With swordsev - er read - y the King to up - hold. A -



## PICTURES (CONTINUED)

*cres.* *f* *mp*

cross the . blue . wa - ters to E - gypt we sail. Tall  
li - ons . and . ti - gers in Ma - lay we hunt, Cou -  
non we . are . *f* play - ing a cow - boy or prince, Or

*cres.*

*piu mosso* *cres.*

cam - els we ride o'er Sa - ha - ra's . hot . sand; And  
ra - geous ex - plor - ers all fear - less . and . free. We  
e'en a Cru - sad - er or cour - te - ous . knight; But

*cres.*

*mf*

when we . are . wea - ry of o - ri - ent scenes. And  
rush through the . air in an aër - o - plane fine, . Or  
ev - er . our . rôle is the *mf* no - ble and brave, . We're

*mp*

long for the sight of a green north - ern land, . The  
float in a sub - ma - rine un - der the sea; . What -  
fight - ing the wrong or de - fend - ing the right. *mp* The

pic - tures trans - port us wher - e'er we com - mand.  
ev - er we do, we're as safe as can be.  
pic - tures en - dow us with won - der - ful might.

# RIENZI'S SONG

95

RICHARD WAGNER  
Paraphrase by M. L. BAUM  
*Allegro con brio*

RICHARD WAGNER  
Arranged from "Rienzi"

*mf*

1. A - rise, : my peo - ple, rise To break the ty - rant's  
2. Re - call : : your high re - nown, The ea - gle's flight of

*mf*

*mp*

chains, 'Tis the pride of an - cient glo - ry Our  
old, And her cit - i - zens' own Trib - une Shall

*mp*

*cres.* *mf*

lib - er - ty sus - tains; To hearts of loy - al  
Rome - a - gain up - hold. The clash of le - gions

*cres.* *mf*

To hearts of loy - al  
The clash of le - gions

*cres.*

Ro - mans Our God re - veals the right, And 'tis  
arm - ing As - sures your splen - did pow'r To re -

*cres.*

Ro - mans  
arm - ing

*f*

He in - spires Ri - en - zi To lead you out of night.  
store the peo - ple's free - dom, The Ro - mans' an - cient dow'r.

*f*

JOHN REED

MARTHA WHITE

*Dolce cantabile**mf*

1. Man - y love the gloam - ing,  
 2. Man - y love the noon - tide,

*mp*

Man - y love the . night,  
 Crown of sum - mer's day,

Vel - vet . blue with . stars a - glow, Dim and . sweet with .  
 Oth - ers . love the . lat - er light, Calm - ing . life to .

Vel - vet . blue with . stars a - glow, . Dim and . sweet with .  
 Oth - ers . love the . lat - er light, . Calm - ing . life to .

per - fume; Oh, but what a sweet - ness Breathes o'er or - chard  
 lei - sure; Ah, what ten - der still - ness, While the day - star

*mf*

per - fume; Oh, but what a sweet - ness Breathes o'er or - chard  
 lei - sure; Ah, what ten - der still - ness, While the day - star

*mf*

lawns                      When the . o - pal turns to gold And morn - ing  
wans,                      Lifts the . heart to pray'r and praise When morn - ing

lawns, .                      O - pal . turns to gold And morn - ing .  
wans, .                      Lifts                      the . heart to praise When morn - ing .

REFRAIN  
6=1 *con moto*

dawns!  
dawns!

Day-spring, how love - ly your ris - ing, Dew-bright and

still,                      Day-spring, when life is young And ros - es . star the hill;

Day - spring,                      the                      hour of all re - new - al,                      Joy - ful                      for

Day - spring,                      life's                      re - new - al,                      Hour                      for



roam - ing, Oh, sing that sweet-est hour when morn - ing dawns!

joy - ful - roam-ing,

*f* *rit.*

## THE OAK TREE

ROBERT BRIGHAM

*Moderato*

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY

Arranged

1. I stood be-side an an-cient oak That flour-ished fair and  
2. Oh, have you seen the fal-low deer A-long your leaf-y

*mp*

wide . And spread its arms as if to shade Full  
glade? . Did pi-o-neers their ax-es turn To

half the coun-try-side. I said, "O grand and  
spare your might-y shade? And oh, have for-est

*p* *leggiere*

an-cient tree, How fresh and green you are! . What have you  
lov-ers come When shone the eve-ning star, . To tell their

seen, . Your boughs be - tween, In days that lie a - -  
vows . Be - neath your boughs, In days that lie a - -

REFRAIN  
*Piu lento*  
*mf*

far?'' O . . state - ly tree, . Glo - ri - ous to  
far? *mf*

see, . Strong to en - dure, . Stead - fast and sure, As  
*cres.* *cres.*

high . o'er the land . Proud - ly you stand, .  
*f*

Watch - ing while far be - low men . come . . and . go.  
*mf*

## THE BUCCANEER

Paraphrase from "CLAUDINE"  
by MARY STANHOPE

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
Arranged

*mf Con spirito*

1. I sail the high seas o - ver, A bold and care-free.  
2. Where Drake and Ra - leigh led me I teach the Don to .  
3. I'll drive King Phil - ip's min - ions From out the new do -

rov - er, - Cape Horn to Mal - a - bar, My on - ly guide a .  
dread me; A - round the globe and back I trace Ma - gel - lan's  
min - ions, Set free, for - ev - er - more, A - mer - i - ca's long

star. When - ev - er 'tis a du - ty To seize the Span - ish  
track. The Car - ib - be - an treas - ure I plun - der at my  
shore. My stur - dy pri - va - teer - ing The main of Span - iards

boot - y The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to .  
pleas - ure; The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to .  
clear - ing At last will make the . sea The high - way of the

fear. The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to . fear.  
fear. The har - dy Buc - ca - neer Strikes not his flag to . fear.  
free, At last will make the . sea The high - way of the free.



# HAREBELL AND ROSE

101

Translated by  
M. LOUISE BAUM  
*Andantino*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN  
Arranged

*p*

1. Cool and still the leaf - y nook, Not a zeph - yr  
2. "Hare - bell, what has fright - ened thee? Here is naught a -

stir - ring, Where the soft - ly sing - ing brook  
larm - ing." "Rose - bud pricks and pinch - es me,

*mp*

Keeps the mill-wheel whir - ring; Deep the vale and green the wood,  
Rose you find so charm - ing." "Gen - tle flow'r, for - get, for - give,

Deep the vale and wood, Ros - y  
"Gen - tle flow'r, for - give, Sharp and

*mf rit.* *mp al tempo*

Col - or fills the sun - set skies, And there a blue - eyed flow'r from  
Thorn - y man - ners mark the rose; But oh, what kind - ness in that

tear - - ful trou - bled eyes.  
sweet - - ness o - ver - flows.

*dim.*

out her hood Looks at me with tear - ful, trou - bled eyes.  
heart must live Whence such fragrant sweetness o - ver - flows!"

*dim.*

With tear - ful, trou - bled eyes.  
Such sweet - ness o - ver - flows!"



ELLA M. BOULT

ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

*Animato**mf*

1. Gyp - sy, tell me all the lures that call you,  
2. Fol - low, fol - low still if you'd be free, man;

call you, Far and wide from place to place you  
oh, man, Cheer your jour - ney with a word and

*roam.  
song.**roam,  
song,*

you

a

*roam.  
song.**mp*

Do no thoughts of  
Break your path to

*mp*

home . still en - thrall you? Tell me, You who know no  
where . you would be, man, — yes, man, There's the faith that

*mp*

*mp*

bid - ing place nor home, (nor home.) Al - ways  
makes the wan-d'rer strong, (so strong.) Paths of

*mf*

Al - ways you're  
Path - ways of

wan - d'ring through the gay or gloom - y weath - er,  
far lands, paths of dai - ly work or pleas - ure,

*mf*

Al - ways squan - d'ring hours of i - dle ease to - geth - er,  
All are same paths, ask - ing pow'r in e - qual meas - ure,

*mf*

Al - ways you're squan - d'ring  
All are the same - paths,

*molto cres.*

Go - ing on to far - ther lands, for - eign strands, hap - py bands,  
Safe at home or far - ing far, near or far, watch your star!

*molto cres.*

Go to far - ther lands,  
Safe or far - ing far,

*f*


What en - tic - ing spir - it of wan - d'ring bids you come?  
Here you have a pass - word that nev - er leads you wrong.

## MORNING SONG

ROBERT HILLYER  
*Moderato espressivo*


RALPH L. BALDWIN

*p*



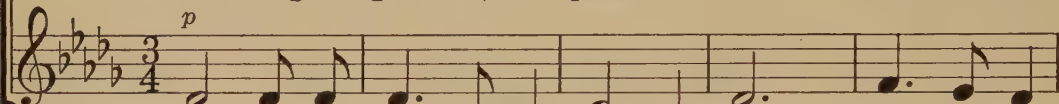
1. Dark-ness has rolled from the val - ley lawn . O - ver the  
2. Now through the gold - en, re - pose - ful hush . Come voic - es

*p*



1. Dark-ness has rolled from the val - ley lawn O - ver the  
2. Now through the gold - en, re - pose - ful hush Come voic - es

*p*



*mf*



wan gray mist. . . . Swords of the  
one by one. . . . Blue - bird and

*mf*




wan gray mist, . . . Where . the sun's bright  
one by one. . . . Soft . the blue - bird,

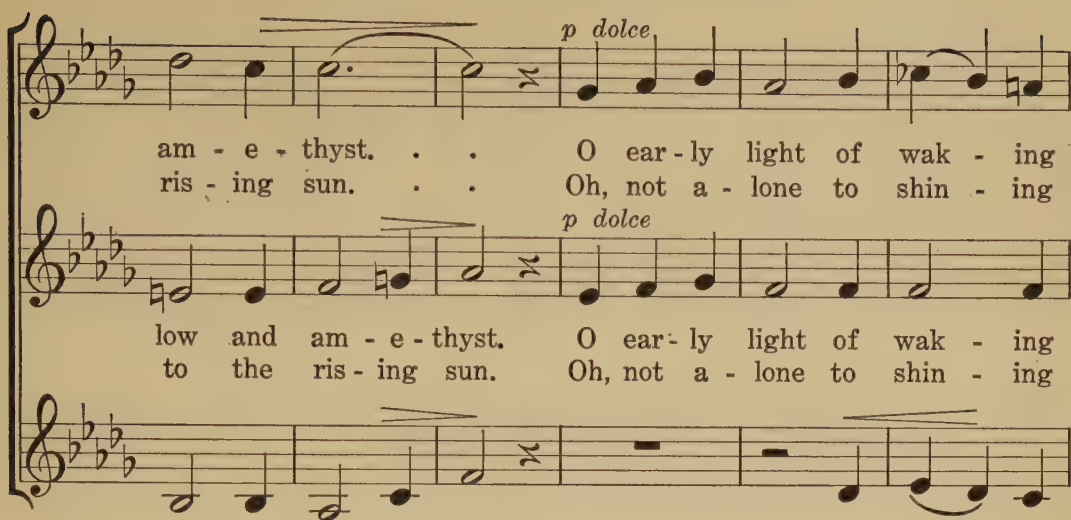
*mf*



sun cleave a path . for dawn, Yel - low and  
war - bler and mel - low thrush Sing to the

swords cleave a path for dawn, Yel - -  
war - bler, and mel - low thrush Sing



*p dolce*

am - e - thyst. . . O ear - ly light of wak - ing  
 ris - ing sun. . . Oh, not a - lone to shin - ing

*p dolce*

low and am - e - thyst. O ear - ly light of wak - ing  
 to the ris - ing sun. Oh, not a - lone to shin - ing



*cres.*

day, Shine not a - lone on the love - ly earth,  
 air Pour forth your per - fect de - sire in song;

*cres.*

day, Shine not a - lone on the love - ly earth, But  
 air Pour forth your per - fect de - sire in song; Ah!

*cres.*



*mf* *f*

Bring to my heart new morn - ing, Life in glad re - birth. .  
 Bring to my heart new rap - ture, Sing - ing all day long. .

*mf* *f*

bring my heart new morn - ing, . Life in glad re - birth. .  
 bring my heart new rap - ture, . Sing - ing all day long. .

*mf* *f*



## AURORA BOREALIS

NELLIE POORMAN

EARL TOWNER

*Sostenuto*  
*mp*

1. The north-ern lights are show - ing A - cross the win - ter  
2. Bat - tal - ions from the north - land, Ad - vance the i - cy

*mp*

sky, The green flames flick - er, With star - light vie. They  
hordes; They wear bright ar - mor And swift sharp swords. The

*mf* *dim.*

glow with sud - den splen - dor, Then soft - ly pale and wane, Like  
pal - ing stars they con - quer, All wheel in or - dered flight, Re -

*mf* *dim.*

*p* *cres. poco a poco*

sweet ma - jes - tic mu - sic That swells on ris - ing,  
turn a - cross the heav - ens To furl their flash - ing

*cres. poco a poco*

Like sweet mu - sic That swells on ris - ing,  
O'er the heav - ens To furl their flash - ing

*f* *molto dim.* *pp*

throb - bing strain, And dies a - way.  
ban - ners bright, And melt a - way.

*f* *molto dim.* *pp*

throb - bing strain, And dies, and dies a - way.  
ban - ners bright, And melt, and melt a - way.

# CALM AS THE NIGHT

107

Translated by  
M. LOUISE BAUM

CARL BOHM

Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

*Tranquillo*

*p* *mf*

Peace - ful as night, pure as the light, .

*rit.* *a tempo p*

Should thy de - vo - tion be; . Wide as the

*poco a poco cres.* *f*

sky . . when day - spring is nigh Should be thy

*dim.* *p*

love for me, thy love . for me, . Should be thy

*dim.* *p*

love for me, thy love . for me, . Should be thy

*dim.* *p*

Should be thy

*mf*

love . . for me. If in thy heart

*mf*

love . . for me. If in thy heart

*mf*

love, . thy love for me. If in thy heart, if in . thy

love has its part, . . Let it e-

love has its part, . . Let it e - ter - nal, e-

heart love has part, . . Let it e-

*rall.* *f con moto*

ter - - - nal be; Con - stant as stand . the

*rall.* *f con moto*

ter-nal and stead-fast be; Con-stant stand . the

*rall.* *f con moto*

ter - - - nal be;

*ff dim.*

hills o'er the land, So is my love for thee, my

*ff dim.*

hills o'er the land, So is my love for thee, my

*ff dim.*

*p rit.*

love . for thee, . So is my love . for thee .

*p rit.*

love . for thee, . So is my love . for thee .

*p rit.*



NORWEGIAN FOLK TUNE  
Arranged

O'er vio - let's moss - y      pil - low There bow'd a leaf - y

wil - low With fin - gers green and gold; "You

shel - ter me," 'twas vio - let spoke. "Nay, trust to me," cried

'Twas                      vio - let spoke.                      Cried                      old

rust - y oak, "For I brave the wild - est gale where

oak, . . . "I brave wild - est gale,

Wil - low's heart would fail." At night the storm comes

*p* *cres.*

*p* *cres.*

roar - ing And wil - low, meek - ly cow'r - ing, Pro -

*f*

*f*

fects the vio - let's bed; But, ah, the oak so

*mf* *piu lento*

proud and strong, Al - though he wres - tles stark and long, Now

*cres - cen - do*

*cres - cen - do*

crash - ing to earth must go, His stub - born pride laid low.

*sfz* *p* *pp*

*sfz* *p* *pp*

## COUNTRY DANCE

English version by  
ROBERT BRIGHAM

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH

Arranged from the "Peasants' Cantata"

*Allegro*  
*mf*

1. We . dance, we . dance, while the pipes in mer - ry strife, In  
2. We . dance, we . dance, for we real - ly can - not stop, No,

mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are  
nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er stop Till

mark - ing the time and tune; We . sing, we . sing, nor can  
that . long . tune is still; We . go, we . go, as we

help it for our life, No, not for ver - y, ver - y, ver - y,  
shall un - til we drop, Oh, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er

ver - y, ver - y life, To dance and sing in June. Our  
go un - til we drop, First up then down the hill. From

voic - es vie, let each man try To raise a glad - der,  
 dawn till dark, by field and park, On dust - y road or

*a tempo* *cres.*

fre - er - strain, We'll lift it clear, that song of cheer, Till  
 wind - y - mead We trip and whirl, nor cease to twirl Wher-

*f*

all the wel - kin - rings a - gain. We - dance, we - dance, while the  
 e'er the pipes our - steps may lead. We - dance, we - dance, while the

*f*

pipes in mer - ry strife, In mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,  
 pipes in mer - ry strife, In mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,

*f*

mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are mark - ing the time and tune.  
 mer - ry, mer - ry strife Are mark - ing the time and tune.

*rit.*



## ROBIN'S RAIN SONG

CELIA THAXTER

WILLARD PATTON

*Allegretto**mf*

O . Rob - in, pipe no more of rain, 'Tis

four days since we saw the sun; And still the mist - y

win - dow - pane Is filled with drops that leap and run. Four.

days a - go the . sky was clear; But . when my moth - er .

heard you call, She said, "That's Rob-in's . rain song, dear; Oh,

She said, "That's Rob - in, dear."

# ROBIN'S RAIN SONG (CONTINUED)

115

well he knows when rain will fall." How nice to be a

*dim.* *mf*

bird like you, And let the rain come pat-t'ring down; Nor

*dim.* *mf*

mind a bit to be wet through, Nor fear to spoil one's

on - ly gown! But since I can - not be a bird, Sweet

*mp* *cres.*

Oh, pipe no more of rain;

Rob - in, pipe no more of rain; Do tell us of the

*f*

Oh, pipe no more of rain;

## ROBIN'S RAIN SONG (CONTINUED)

*cres.* *f* *rit.*

sun-shine, dear. I'm wild to be a - f broad a - rit. gain.

## RADIO

NELLIE POORMAN  
*Scherzando*

HUNGARIAN FOLK TUNE

*mf*

1. Ra - di - o, ra - di - o, Lis - ten to ra - di - o.  
2. S - K - E, O - Y - Z, Tune to the al - pha - bet.

You may choose for your news Bos - ton or To - ki - o.  
Try the stars, good old Mars, Ve - nus you ought to get.

*mf*

Wis - dom or wit, or say, "What's the base - ball score to - day?"  
Broad - cast from ev - 'ry - where, Zan - zi - bar or Fin - is - terre,

*f*

Pol - i - ties or lat - est play, On - ly don't con - fuse them.  
Mirth and mu - sic fill the air, You need on - ly choose them.

# GOLDEN HOURS

117

LOUISE STICKNEY  
*Con spirito*

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN  
Arranged

*mf*

Live! And count the hours as gold,  
Live! And make of life a song,

*mf*

Live! And count the hours as  
Live! And make of life a

God has giv'n His seal;  
God has giv'n the key;

gold, song, gold, song! God God has giv'n His the

*mp*

Wise - ly well the treas - ure use,  
Love may be its mas - ter word,

*mp*

seal; Well the treas - ure use,  
key; Love its mas - ter word,

*cres.* *f*

Lest the gold for dross you lose, Yours, for woe - or - weal.  
Tun - ing all to sweet accord, You, its min - strel free.

*cres.* *f*



## GOOD MORNING

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG

Translated  
*Vivace*

Arranged

*mf* *Vivace*

1. Morn - ing is here, the world is a - wake;  
2. Morn - ing is here to bless us a - new;

Birds are a - wing, their mu - sic to make;  
Ros - es and fern are sweet with the dew;

Earth in new blos - soms a - dorn - ing, Ris - es the beau - ti - ful  
Joy - ful - ly all are a - wak - ing; Greet we the day at its

*mp*

morn - ing. Up and sing, the birds de - cree, Up and sing as  
break - ing. Up and sing, no more de - lay, Up and sing your

*p*

gay as we, Giv - ing the world. good morn - ing,  
heart a - way, Giv - ing the world. good morn - ing,

Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.  
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.

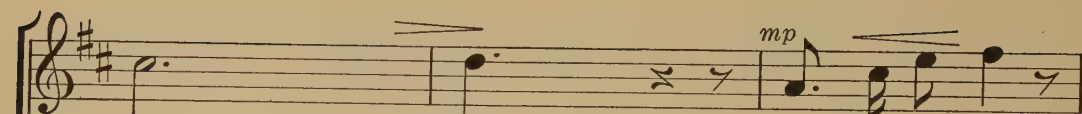
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing. Then wak - en!  
Giv - ing the world good morn - ing. Then wak - en!

1. & 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good morn - - -

1. & 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "A - wake, a - wake, a -  
Sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing,

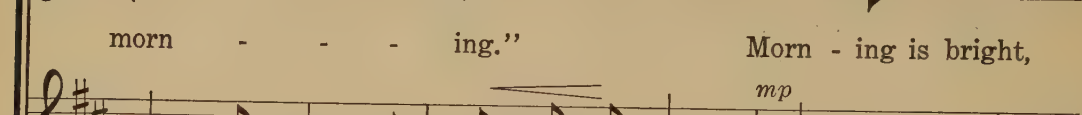
ing." Sing - ing, sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good  
wake." Sing - ing, sing - ing free, "Good  
sing - ing free, "Good morn - ing, oh, good morn - ing!

## GOOD MORNING (CONTINUED)



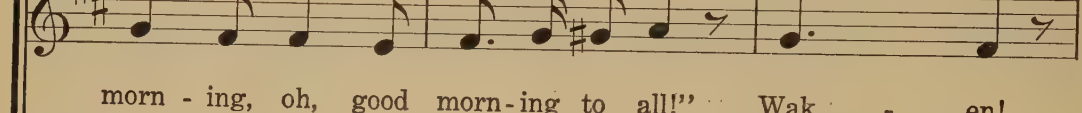
morn - - - ing."

Morn - ing is bright,




morn - ing, oh, good morn-ing to all!"

Wak - en!



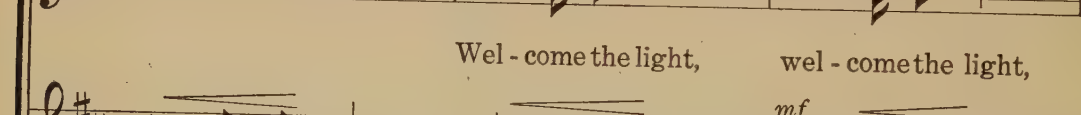
Oh, good morn - ing to all!"

Wak - en!



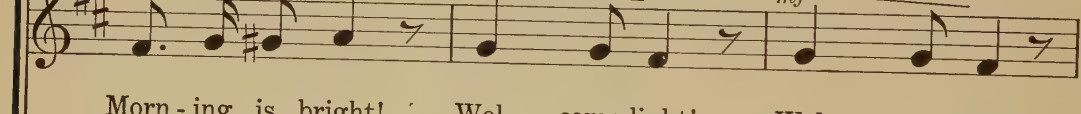
Wel - come the light,

wel - come the light,




Morn - ing is bright! Wel - come, light!

Wel - come, light!

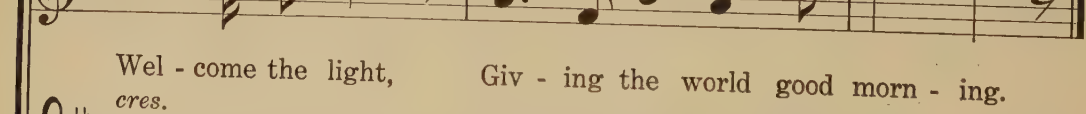


Wel - come, light!




*cres.* Wel - come the light,

*ff* Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.



*cres.* Wel - come, light!

*ff* Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.



*cres.* Wel - come, light!

*ff* Giv - ing the world good morn - ing.

# LIKE TREES

121

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

CHARLES E. BOYD

*Allegretto*

*mp*

1. It must be nice to be a small tree, Close to fra-grant
2. It would be good to be a fruit tree Where the chil-dren
3. How fine to be the May-Day-Queen tree, Shak-ing bloom on

*mp*

1. It must be nice to be a small tree, Close to fra-grant
2. It would be good to be a fruit tree Where the chil-dren
3. How fine to be the May-Day-Queen tree, Shak-ing bloom on

*mp*

earth and dew. It must be nice to be a tall · tree Up-  
like to climb; Or it would suit to be a cute · tree All  
all be - low! How gay to be an ev - er - green tree And

earth and dew. It must be nice to be a tall · tree Up-  
like to climb; Or it would suit to be a cute · tree All  
all be - low! How gay to be an ev - er - green tree And

reach-ing far to Heav-en's blue! Make me pleas-ant as a tree. .  
full of toys at Christ-mas time! Make me use-ful as a tree. .  
smile be-neath the win-ters snow! Make me hap-py as a tree. .

*cres.*

*f*

*mp*

reach-ing far to Heav-en's blue! Make me pleas-ant as a tree. .  
full of toys at Christ-mas time! Make me use-ful as a tree. .  
smile be-neath the win-ters snow! Make me hap-py as a tree. .

*cres.*

*f*

*mp*



## THE TRAFFIC OFFICER

MARY STANHOPE

WILSON-WHITE

*Ben marcato*

1. Who's at the corn - er with his hand held high,  
2. He stands for safe - ty first and ev - 'ry - where

Stop - ping traf - fic that's com - ing by?  
Thou - sands bless him for friend - ly care;

All o - bey him, Quite in a  
Like a bright vane High on a  
That's the man we all o - bey, E - ven in a  
Point - ing like a weath - er - vane Whirl - ing on a

hur - ry, Do what he tells you, or you'll be sor - ry.  
stee - ple, So the po - lice - man guards all the peo - ple.

CAROLINE FULLER  
*Con anima*

FAY WILSON

1. I'd like to be an or - a - tor The  
2. I would I were an au - thor great, A  
3. I'd like to be of serv - ice real What-

*mf*

art of speech to cap - ture. Oh, were my words so  
paint - er or mu - si - cian, And none re - fuse to  
e'er my dai - ly la - bor; To be a friend to

*cres.*

el - o - quent All hearts they'd stir to rap - ture!  
loud - ly praise My no - ble com - po - si - tion.  
ev - 'ry man, And loved by ev - 'ry neigh - bor;

*dim.*

I'd like to be a Cic - er - o  
I'd like to be an An - ge - lo,  
So kind and true that all would show

*mp*

And hom - age win, wher - e'er I go.  
A fa - mous man, wher - e'er I go.  
A wel - come warm wher - e'er I go.

## THE SUN TURNS NORTH

ROBERT HILLYER

BEATRICE MACGOWAN SCOTT

*Dolce cantabile**mp*

1. Oh, heark-en, oh, heark-en, the south wind is chant-ing! I  
 2. To - mor-row, to - mor-row I'll go and dis - cov - er The

know 'twas Pan's pipe I heard. Ah, I had for-  
 o - ri - oles when they sing! Ah, morn greets her

know 'twas the pip-ing of Pan that I heard. The win-ter was long; I'd for-  
 ferns that un - fold where the o - ri - oles sing; The morn-ing will smile on her

got - ten how haunt - ing Sound that pass - es A -  
 ear - li - est lov - er, Blest of mor - tals I'll

got - ten how haunt - ing The mu - sic that pass - es A -  
 ear - li - est lov - er, And fa - vored of mor - tals I'll

mong the new grass - es And calls the re - turn - ing bird.  
 o - pen the por - tals That guard the bright shrine of spring.

# IN PRAISE OF LIGHT

125

M. LOUISE BAUM

BOHEMIAN FOLK TUNE

*Con grazia*  
*mp*

1. Sing me a song of the sky, . . .  
2. Sing me a song of the light, . . .  
3. Noth-ing can praise it like song, . . .

*mp*

1. Sing, sing, sing me a song of the  
2. Sing, sing, sing me a song of the  
3. Noth - ing, noth - ing can praise it like

*mp*

*mf*

Arch-ing so blue and so high, . . . Cloud-ed by  
Day's eye or ta-pers of night, . . . Ros - y or  
Soar-ing tri - um-phand strong, . . . Wheredawn and

*mf*

sky, the sky, Arch-ing so blue and so high, so  
light, the light, Day's eye or ta-pers of night, of  
song, like song, Soar-ing tri - um-phand strong, so

*mf*

breez-es a - cry, . . . Star-rywith banners un-furled. .  
gold-en or white, . . . Gray, or by dewdrops im-pearled.  
star-light be-long; . . . Song is the light of the world.

*mp*

*p*

high, Cloud-ed by breez-es a - cry, or stars un-furled. .  
night, Ros-y or gold-en or white, or dew - im-pearled..  
strong, Where dawnand starlightbe-long; Songlights the world. .

*mp*

*p*



## THE CALL OF THE SPRING

ALFRED NOYES

MARY ROOT KERN

*Allegro con espressione*

*mf*

1. Come choose your road and a - way, my lad, Come  
2. Though man - y a road would - gay - ly ring To

*mf*

choose your road and a - way; We'll out of the town by the  
tramp of march - ing - feet, All roads are as one from the

*cres.*

road's bright crown As it dips to the daz - zling day.  
day that's done And the miles to are - swift and sweet.

*cres.*

*mp*

It's a long, white road for the wea - ry, But it's  
All the long roads meet at the world's end But it's

*f*

rolls through the heart of the May. Come choose your road and a -  
hey for the heart of the May. Come choose your road and a -

*f*

way, my lad, Come choose your road and a way.  
 way, dear lad, Come choose your road and a way.

*cres.* *f*

## CONFIDENCE

English version by  
JOHN REED

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH  
Arranged

*mf* *Maestoso*

1. Be-neath the hand of God I rest in safe-ty still, In  
 2. And so I thank my God And rest in safe-ty still, For

fear or need I wait for Him To prove His lov-ing.  
 ev-'ry-thing on earth o-beys A-lone His might-y.

*dim.*

*mf* *cres.* *f*

will. With joy I trust my way To guid-ance He will show, For  
 will. Con-tent am I to leave My life to His con-trol, In

*mf* *cres.* *f*

*mp*

His de-fense and Fa-ther's care Are ev-'ry-where I go.  
 all my do-ings I am His, And His in heart and soul.

*mp*

ROBERT HILLYER

BOHEMIAN FOLK TUNE

*Allegro*  
*mp*

1. "Where have you found the . rose, Now that win - ter's  
2. "I wish you'd teach me . how Ros - es bloom all

here?"  
year,  
"Deep in the for - est it blows;  
Though snow is white on the bough,

Spring is there all year. I've a friend who .  
Fro - zen, cold, and drear." "You must learn, so .

knows the way From De - cem - ber . back to . May!"  
I have heard, Mag - ic thought and . mag - ic . word."

"Oh, let me see where it grows; Find the land of cheer!"  
"Oh, let's go look for it now; Find a word of cheer!"

## ELECTRIC SIGNS

129

CAROLINE FULLER

BELGIAN FOLK TUNE

*Alla burla**mf*

1. The cit - y lights flash out the dark, Their rain - bow col - ors  
 2. The streets a - dorned with blaz - ing gems, Pure dia - monds rare and  
 3. 'Tis like a viv - id pic - ture book That leaps in flame a -

gleam and glance, All tur - quoise, am - ber,  
 ru - bies fine, Rich am - e - thysts and  
 gainst the sky. Oh, what to do and

gold, and red A - bove us diz - zi - ly  
 sap - phires blue, And bril - liant em - er - als  
 where to go It tells the peo - ple who

whirl and dance. They spread and grow till night is day, And  
 glow and shine. We're daz - zled by the brave ar - ray, And  
 hur - ry by. When work is done, 'tis time to play, And

*f* all is gay . . . A - long the way.  
*f* all is gay . . . A - long the way.  
*f* all is gay . . . A - long the way.

1, 2, &amp; 3, all is gay, . . . is gay



## GO, LOVELY ROSE

EDMUND WALLER  
*Andante moderato*W. H. NEIDLINGER  
rose!  
Arranged

Love-ly rose! Go, love-ly rose! love-ly rose

*mp* Go, love-ly rose! Love-ly rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me, Tell her that wastes her

*p* *cres.* *p* *cres.*

time and me, That now she knows, now she knows, That now she

*accel.* *mf* *accel.* *mf*

knows, . . . when I re-sem-ble her to thee, How

knows, . . . she knows . . . How

knows, that now she knows,

sweet . and fair she seems to be. Go, love-ly rose! Go, love-ly

*mp* *poco piu lento* *pp*

rose! Go, love - ly, love - ly rose! Go, love - ly rose!

*pp* *rit.*

## GOLDEN MILESTONES

MARY STANHOPE

*Dolce espressivo*

ARTHUR TARGETT

1. Each hap - py June We pause at a gold - en mile - stone;  
2. Each hap - py June We gaze from a gold - en mile - stone,

*p* *cres.*

Mem'ry strays by-gone ways. To glean her pre-cious part. From  
Search-ing so, ere we go, . The fu-ture's path a - far, . Whose

*mp* *cres.* *f*

fields where sun - ny hours Wrought fair fruits or . flow'rs. O  
joy - ous pag - eants wait Past dawn's ros - y . gate, Where

*mp* *mp*

dear days, un - re - turn - ing, still . burn - ing Bright in the heart.  
God will mold to beau - ty, through du - ty, All that we are.

*p* *mp*





*mf*

see, is draw - ing near, Flut - ing that song so  
 flute, that all o - bey, Flut - ing its bright, en -  
 flute, O mag - ic strain, Lead - ing us back to

*mf*

see, is draw - ing near, Flut - ing that song so  
 flute, that all o - bey, Flut - ing its bright, en -  
 flute, O mag - ic strain, Lead - ing us back to

*cres.*

crys - tal clear, Flut - ing that song so . crys - tal . clear.  
 chant - ed lay! Flut - ing its bright en - chant - ed . lay!  
 heav'n . a - gain, Lead - ing us back to heav'n a - gain.

*cres.*

crys - tal clear, Flut - ing that song so . crys - tal . clear.  
 chant - ed lay! Flut - ing its bright en - chant - ed . lay!  
 heav'n . a - gain, Lead - ing us back to heav'n a - gain.

*cres.*

## THE BELLS OF MOSCOW

JOHN REED

LAURA STREETER

*Con espressione*  
*mp*

1. Clear the bells of Mos - cow are, Tone on tone, at  
 2. Fast - er as they throng and soar, How the tune - ful

*mp*

first; a star Shines a - mid the night a - far.  
 surg - es pour, Tides that seek the sky's blue shore.



LOUISE STICKNEY

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

*Maestoso*

Arranged

1. Myr - tle and ros - es are twin-ing to show forth the sto-ry, With  
2. High - er the man-hood we build by the plan of their vi - sion; Keep

lau - rel to crown them who sought no re - ward of glo - ry; The  
faith, then, with them in our own hour of high de - ci - sion; Their

flow'rs and the bays Join with mu - sic's clear praise In song's tri -  
wis - dom and truth Shall en - light - en our youth, A bea - con

um-phant flight. So sing their fame and tend the flame This day sees brightly  
blaz - ing bright. So send our song the world a - long Where lands a - far are

In ra - - - diant light.  
To love the the light.  
burn - ing In hearts a - glow with grat - i - tude's pure light.  
learn - ing To love the deeds our fa - thers wrought in light.

ROBERT BRIGHAM

FRANZ ABT

*Allegro*  
*mf*

1. We go march - ing, shoul - der to shoul - der, With my  
2. By the camp fire we are to - geth - er Or when

trum - pet blar - ing gay; Four arms, when a foe we're  
march - ing we must go; My trum - pet - ing makes him

My trum - pet blar - ing so gay;  
In step when march - ing we go;

meet - ing, While as two go our feet re - peat - ing, Two  
strong - er, So he says when the way grows long - er, And

hearts with one pulse beat - ing All a - long the way.  
e - ven stays his hun - ger. Blow, my trum - pet, blow!

hearts one pulse are beat - ing  
e - ven stays his hun - ger.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHARLES E. BOYD

*Andante**mf*

1. From gold to gray One wild, sweet day Of . In-dian sum-mer  
 2. In its pale fire The vil - lage spire Shows like the zo-diac's

*mp*

1. Gold to gray, One sweet day, In - dian sum-mer  
 2. In pale fire, Vil - lage spire, Like the zo-diac's

*mp*

*Leggiero*

fades too soon; But ten - der - ly a - bove the sea Hangs,  
 spec - tral lance; The paint - ed walls where - on it falls Trans -

fades too . soon; But . ten - der - ly a - bove the . sea,  
 spec - tral . lance; The . paint - ed walls where - on it . falls,

white and calm, the . hunt - er's moon, Hangs,  
 fig ured stand in . mar - ble trance, Trans -

*cres.*

White and calm, Hangs the hunt - er's moon, Hangs,  
 Where it falls, Stand in mar - ble trance, Trans -

*cres.*

*f*

white and calm, the moon.  
fig - ured in mar - ble trance.

*f*

white and calm, the moon, the hunt - er's moon.  
fig - ured in mar - ble trance, in mar - ble trance.

*f*

KING RICHARD

NANCY BYRD TURNER  
*Adagio*

ROBERT SCHUMANN  
Arranged

*mp*

1. Where Rich - ard lay in pris - on Be -  
2. Good Blon - del, hop - ing, seek - ing, Re -

*mp*

In pris - on lay, Be -  
Good Blon - del then Re -

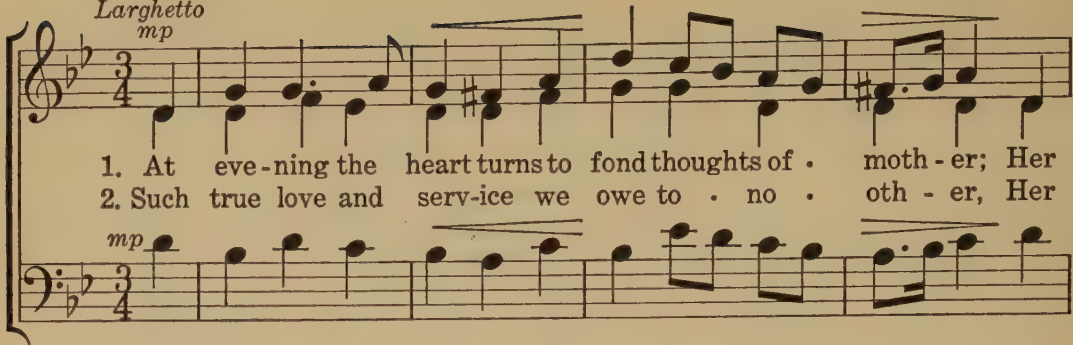
neath the watch - ing stars . He . tuned his wist - ful .  
plied with trem - b'ling string, . Full . well he knew the .

harp and played Three old . fa - mil - iar . bars.  
bro - ken tune, And he . had found . his . king.

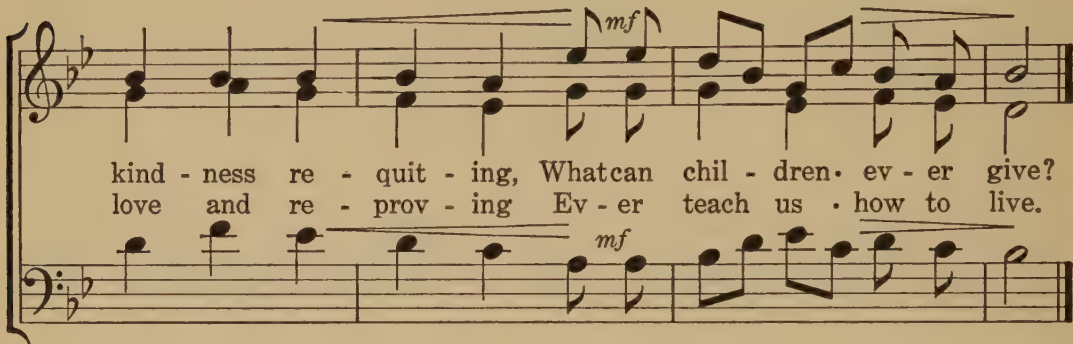


MARY STANHOPE

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

*Larghetto*  
*mp*


1. At eve-ning the heart turns to fond thoughts of . moth - er; Her  
2. Such true love and serv-ice we owe to . no . oth - er, Her

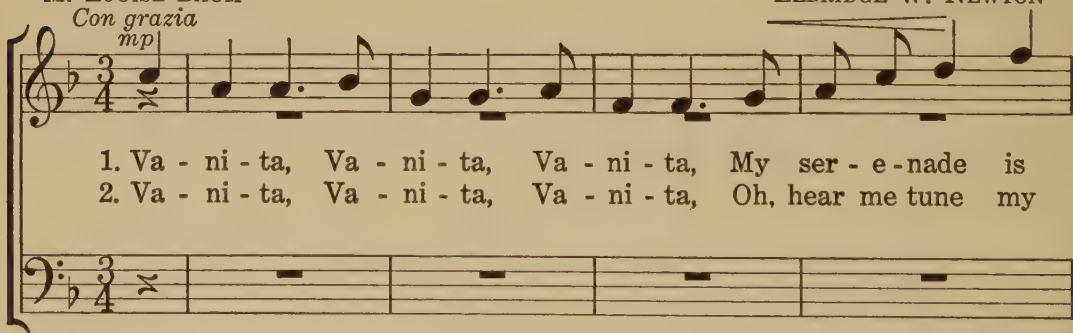


kind - ness re - quit - ing, What can chil - dren ev - er give?  
love and re - prov - ing Ev - er teach us . how to live.

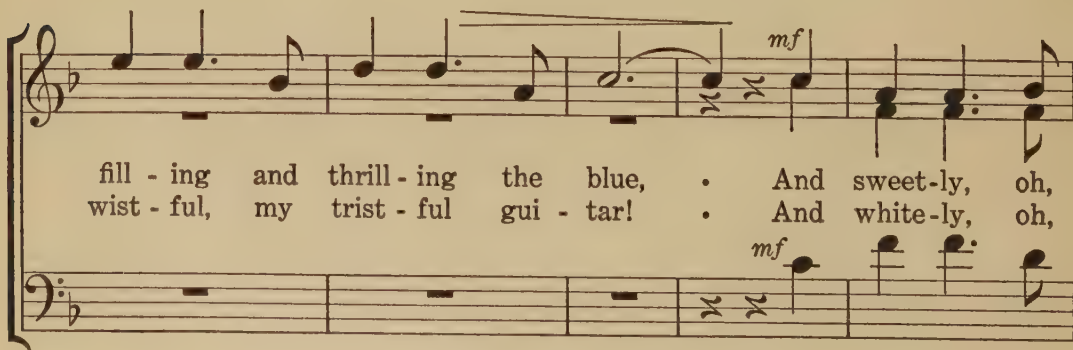
## A SERENADE OF SPAIN

M. LOUISE BAUM

ELBRIDGE W. NEWTON

*Con grazia*  
*mp*


1. Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, My ser - e - nade is  
2. Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, Oh, hear me tune my



fill - ing and thrill - ing the blue, . And sweet - ly, oh,  
wist - ful, my trist - ful gui - tar! . And white - ly, oh,

fleet - ly, dis - creet - ly, Your smile the while is chid - ing the  
light - ly, oh, slight - ly, Your fin - gers lin - ger, there where the

voice that would woo, would woo. In Ca - diz where man - y a  
lat - tice would bar, would bar. Oh, va - grant your fan - cy, and

maid is so fair, You are queen of my hope and my  
fra - grant the rose That you care - less - ly toss to re -

dream - ing! . Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, the stars yon - der  
quite me. . Va - ni - ta, Va - ni - ta, your name still to

beam - ing Bor - row their bright - ness from you. .  
light me Shines in my heart like a star. .

ROBERT HILLYER  
*Dolce cantabile*

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

*p*

1. Man - y a time I watch the sea,  
2. That is why morn - ings find me here

*p*

1. Man - y a time I watch the  
2. That is why morn - ings find me

Man - y the ships go sail - ing past. The  
Watch - ing the tide ad - vance with day, For  
sea, here

Man - y the ships go sail - ing  
Watch - ing the tide ad - vance with

tides bring new de - lights to me, The tides bring new de -  
beau - ty ev - er grows more dear, For beau - ty ev - er  
past, Bring - ing de - lights to me,  
day. Ah, beau - ty grows more dear,

*cres.*

lights to me, And take . them back at last, . And .  
grows more dear, Be - cause . it will not stay, . Be -

*cres.*

Nev - er a  
Great is the

*dim.*

take them back at last. . Nev - er a light on blow - ing  
cause it will not stay. . Great is the joy of things that

*dim.*

light, a light on blow - ing foam . . . A -  
joy, the joy of things that are, . . . How

foam, on blow - ing foam, Nev - er a ray on gleam - ing  
are, of things that are, Per - fect though brief their flash - ing

bides till I can bring it home, .  
bright a path the fall - ing star, .

*f* *dim.*

shell, bides till I bring it home, . . A - bides till I can  
prime; how bright a path the star, . How bright a path the

*f* *dim.*

*p* *pp*

bring it home, So brief, . so frail, so frail . . the spell.  
fall - ing star Can trace . up - on the skies . . of time.

*p* *pp*



## ROBIN, GOOD-BY

S. M. CHATFIELD

ADOLF WEIDIG

*Con grazia*Good - : : by!  
p Good - : : by!

1. Rob-in, good-by! Rob-in, good-by! The last crim-son  
2. Rob-in, good-by! Rob-in, good-by! The mu-sic that

leaf falls from the ma-ple is gone, The mead-ows are  
falls from your beau-ti-ful throat Pipes ten-der and

brown. and the swal-low has flown, And heaped in the  
low : with a qua-ver-ing note. Oh,

hol-lows the fall-en leaves lie. Rob-in, good-by!

Rob-in, good-by. lin-ger no long-er! To sum-mer land

*rall. e dim.* *pp*

fly! . . Rob - in, good - by! Rob - in, good - by!

*pp*

This musical system features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo and dynamics markings are 'rall. e dim.' and 'pp'.

THE VIKINGS' LAND

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON  
Translated

EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG  
Arranged

*Con spirito*  
*mf*

1. Hail to the lords who rule in our north-ern land,  
2. Thanks for the har - vest gath - ered by flood and field,

*mf*

This musical system is in 4/4 time, G major, and features a treble and bass staff. The tempo and dynamics markings are 'Con spirito' and 'mf'.

Oh, may their sa - cred fires nev - er fail! Oh,  
Safe - ty of fish - ing fleets in the gale; The

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time.

burn - ing our weap - ons clean, Strong in our cause se - rene,  
joy of the fruit - ful earth, Grow - ing by nar - row firth.

This musical system continues the melody and accompaniment in G major, 4/4 time.

*f*

Hail to our roy - al land, Hail, Nor - way, hail!  
Love we thy name to shield, Hail, Nor - way, hail!

*f*

This musical system concludes the piece in G major, 4/4 time, with a final 'f' dynamic marking.

## GLORIOUS POLAND

M. LOUISE BAUM

*Solennelle*

FREDERIC CHOPIN

*mp*

1. Sol - emn - ly tolls a - far the vil - lage bell, In  
 2. Sol - emn - ly rise the qui - et tones of pray'r, En-

*mp*

mem - 'ry of those who for home and coun - try brave - ly fell,  
 treat - y for bless - ing on those who still the bur - den bear.

*cres.* *dim.*

Po - land's he - ro - ic sto - ry,  
 Free - dom and old - time glo - ry,  
 Sound - ing a - cross the years Po - land's no - ble sto - ry,  
 Strong may they stand to guard Free - dom, right, and glo - ry,

Po - land's he - ro - ic sto - ry.  
 Free - dom and old - time glo - ry.

Sound - ing mid hope and fears Po - land's no - ble sto - ry.  
 Wise - to in - spire and ward Free - dom, right, and glo - ry.

# FORGET-ME-NOT

145

ANONYMOUS

HENRY HADLEY

*Con tenerezza*  
*p*

When to the flow-ers beau - ti - ful The Fa-ther gave a name,

*accel.* *poco a poco* *a tempo*

Back came a lit - tle . blue-eyed one, All tim - id - ly it came. "Dear

God, the name Thou gav - est me, A - las! I have for - got!" Then

*f* *espressivo* *p*

kind - ly looked the Fa - ther down, And said, "For-get - me - not."



## THE NOBLE TAR

W. S. GILBERT

Adapted *Vivace*ARTHUR SULLIVAN  
Arranged from "Pinafore"

*mf*

1. The no - ble Tar is a soar - ing soul pride As  
2. The no - ble Tar with a soul of pride En -

*mf*

free - as an - y moun-tain bird; Wher - ev - er salt - y  
dures - no dic - ta - to - rial airs, And sure - ly few - would

seas may roll He makes - his rous - ing chant - ey heard. And  
twice de-ride The quaint - and cu - rious cap he wears. He

oh, his en - er - get - ic arm De - fends his friends from  
sails to far - Pa - cif - ic isles, Where lan - guage fails - he

*cres.* *f*

ev - 'ry harm; In ev - 'ry lat - i - tude such an at - ti - tude  
sim - ply smiles; From Pon - di - cher - ry to Brook - lyn Fer - ry he

*cres.* *f*

*dim.* *mf* *accel.*

grat-i-tude wins for him. Oh, in ev-'ry lat-i-tude  
mer-ri-ly goes his way. Oh, from Pon-di-cher-ry to

*dim.*

1. and 2. La la

such an at-ti-tude wins our grat-i-tude—Hip-hoo-ray! In  
Brook-lyn Fer-ry he's al-ways mer-ry, Oh, hip-hoo-ray! From

la la la la

ev-'ry lat-i-tude such an at-ti-tude wins our grat-i-tude  
Pon-di-cher-ry to Brook-lyn Fer-ry he's al-ways mer-ry, Hoo-

La la la la

*Tempo primo*  
*mf*

warm. The no-ble Tar is a soar-ing soul As  
ray! The no-ble Tar is a soar-ing soul As

*mf*

free as an-y moun-tain bird; Wher-ev-er salt-y  
free as an-y moun-tain bird; Wher-ev-er salt-y

seas may roll He makes his rous - ing chant - ey heard.  
seas may roll He makes his rous - ing chant - ey heard.

## NORTHEASTER

ROBERT HILLYER

WILL EARHART

*Sostenuto**mp*

1. High up the yel - low sand Roll the glass - y  
2. Sails will be reefed for days, Storm - y sig - nals  
3. Stride down the roar - ing beach, Let the wild wind

*mf*

moun - tains, Loud on the bro - ken land  
fly - ing; Shel - tered in plac - id bays  
clasp you. See how the break - ers reach

Fling - ing spray in foun - tains. Old o - cean  
An - chored boats are ly - ing. When winds are  
Foam - ing hands to grasp you. Three days you'll

*mf*

wag - es war All a - long the sound - ing shore.  
east by north, E - ven sail - ors fare not forth.  
keep the shore, Then un - furl your sail once more.

*meno mosso* *p*

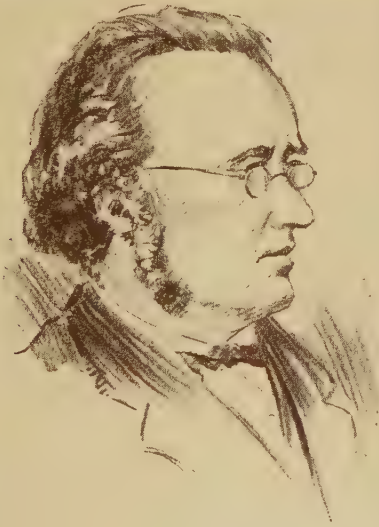




*Gade*



*Abt*



*Gaul*



*Foster*

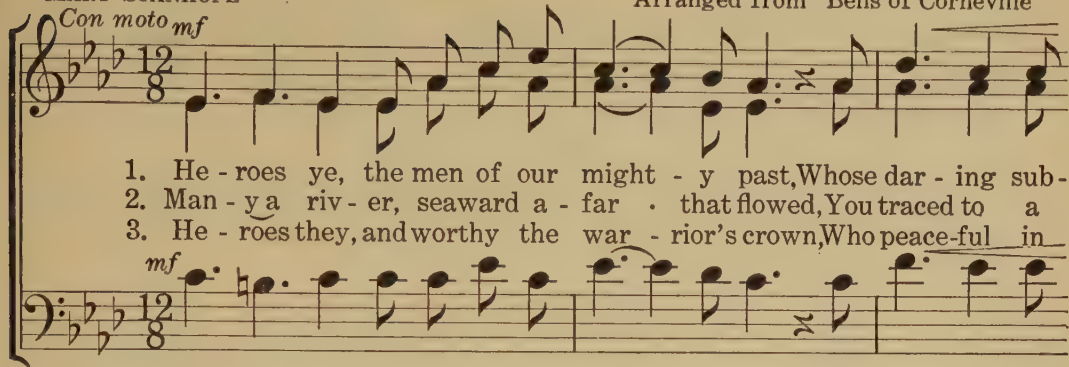




Translated and adapted by  
MARY STANHOPE

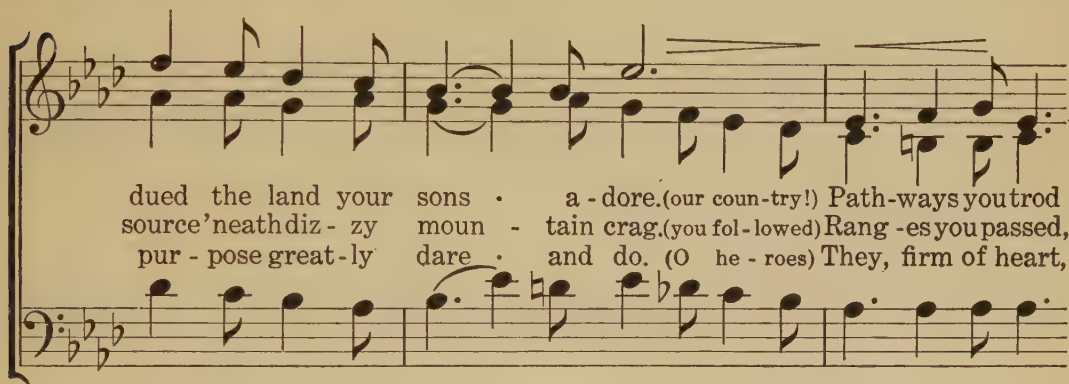
JEAN ROBERT PLANQUETTE  
Arranged from "Bells of Corneville"

*Con moto* *mf*



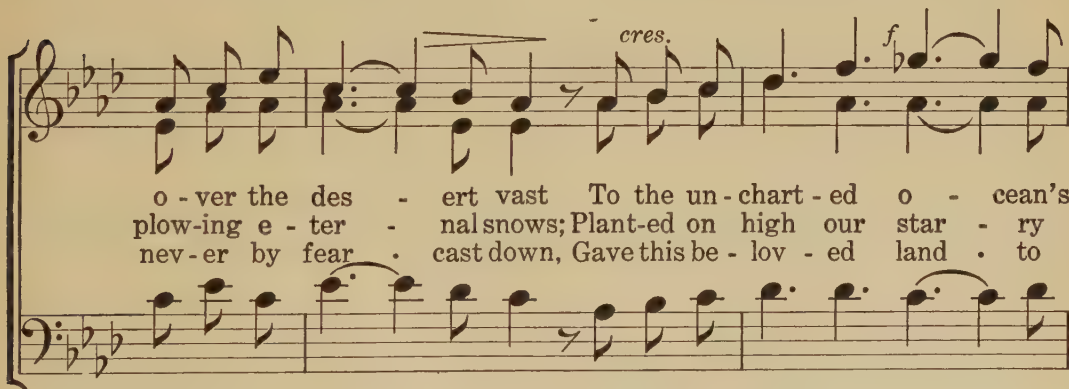
1. He - roes ye, the men of our might - y past, Whose dar - ing sub -  
2. Man - y a riv - er, seaward a - far . that flowed, You traced to a  
3. He - roes they, and worthy the war - rior's crown, Who peace - ful in

*mf*

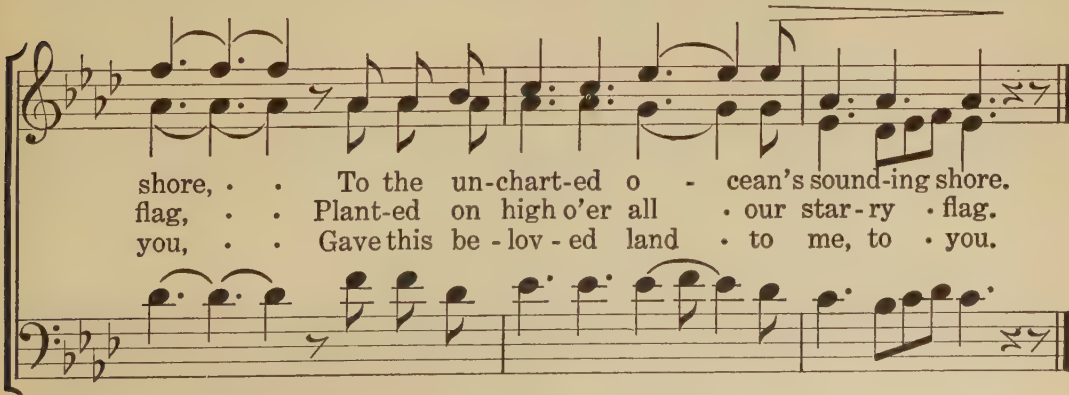


duced the land your sons . a - dore. (our coun - try!) Path - ways you trod  
source 'neath diz - zy moun - tain crag. (you fol - lowed) Rang - es you passed,  
pur - pose great - ly dare . and do. (O he - roes) They, firm of heart,

*cres.* *f*



o - ver the des - ert vast To the un - chart - ed o - cean's  
plow - ing e - ter - nalsnows; Plant - ed on high our star - ry  
nev - er by fear . cast down, Gave this be - lov - ed land . to



shore, . . To the un - chart - ed o - cean's sound - ing shore.  
flag, . . Plant - ed on high o'er all . our star - ry . flag.  
you, . . Gave this be - lov - ed land . to me, to . you.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT

W. H. NEIDLINGER

*Dolce cantabile*

Arranged

*p*

1. O gen-tle, gen - tle sum-mer rain, Let not the sil - ver lil - y

*mf*

pine, The droop - ing lil - y pine in vain . To feel that

*poco piu mosso*

dew - y touch of thine. In heat the landscape quiv'ring

Land - scape quiv'ring

*cres.*

lies; The cat-tle pant be - neath the tree; Through parch-ing

*cres.*

lies; . Cat - tle pant 'neath the tree; Through parch - ing

*f*

air and purple skies, . Earth looks up in vain for thee.

*rit. e dim.* *p*

*f* *rit. e dim.* *p*

Earth looks up for thee.

*Tempo primo*

*mp*

2. Come, thou, and brim the mead-ow streams, And sof-ten all the hills with

*mp*

mist, *mf* O fall - ing dew! from burn - ing dreams, By thee shall

mist. O fall - ing dew! from burn - ing dreams, .

*poco piu mosso mp*

herb and flow'r be kissed! Come, gen-tle, gen - tle sum-mer

Gen - tle

*cres.*

rain, And earth shall bless thee yet a - gain; Come thou and

*cres.*

sum-mer rain! Bless - thee yet a - gain; Come thou and

*f mp*

brim the meadow streams, . And sof-ten all the hills . with mist.

*f*



M. LOUISE BAUM  
Pensieroso  
mp

RUSSIAN FOLK TUNE

1. Your home is a gar-den fair, Shel-tered, se - cure and bright,  
2. The gar-den of hap - py home Ne'er can for - got - ten be,

Homewhere love's glow-ing sun Shines for you day and night. Mid  
Though time may lead you far, Sun-dered by land or sea. The

fa-ther kind-ness, strong and wise, Broth-ers and sis-ters move, Where a  
cir-cle holds in loy - al hearts, Each to its mem'-ry true, In its

rose blos-soms dai - ly new, - That is your moth-er's love, Where a  
midst that un - dy - ing rose, Your moth-er's love for you, In its

rose blos-soms dai - ly new, That is your moth-er's love.  
midst that un - dy - ing rose, Your moth-er's love for you.

ROBERT HILLYER

CRANE-LEAVITT

*Semplice*  
*p*

1 Bright in the paths of old ro-mance Come state-ly lords and  
2. Love-ly the faint, ro-man-tic tunes Re-turned from lost, for-

dames to · dance. Swords are of sil-ver, torch-es · flare, And  
got-ten · Junes; Grace-ful the meas-ures they can · tread, As

Sil-ver swords and torch-es flare And  
Grace-ful meas-ures they can tread, As

moon-light · glim-mers o-ver pow-dered · hair. · ·  
once they · danced them in the years long · dead. · ·

Fac-es are youth-ful, laugh-ter light, And eyes are kind when  
Then with a glint of old bro-cade They passed from sight through

And eyes are kind in the  
They passed from sight through the

## DAYS OF BROCADE (CONTINUED)

*accel. e cres.*

comes the night. Here in the paths of their  
dark - 'ning glade. Gone was the spell of the

spell . of the night. .  
trem - u - lous glade. .

old, hap - py pas - time, Lov - ers and la - dies have  
mu - sic that bound me, On - ly the trees mur - mured

*f*

come for the last time, Tread - ing . grace - ful - ly the  
soft - ly a - round me; Long I . fol - lowed them and

Tread - - - ing the . .  
Long . have I . .

*dim.* *mp*

slow min - u - et, Ad - - vanc - ing, re - treat - ing,  
sought them in vain, . For . though there was laugh - ter

Part - ing and meet - ing Till the drow - sy moon has set.  
Ech - o - ing aft - er, Nev - er did it come a - gain.

HEINRICH HEINE

Translated by M. LOUISE BAUM

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Arranged by H. S. LEAVITT

*p Andante tranquillo*

*p Andante tranquillo*

1. When borne on wings of mu - sic My heart in fan - cy flies, .  
2. While vio - lets breathe de - vo - tion To stars that deck the night.

2. While vio-lets breathe de-vo - tion to stars that deck the night,

Where by the mead-ow - y    Gan - ges    The land of all mys - t'ry  
 Leg - end and mar - vel - ous    sto - ry    The ros - es are whis - p'ring

lies; . Oh, there in a shad - ow - y gar - den'Neath  
light. . As close the ga-zelles dare to loi - ter Where

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter rest. The second measure contains a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The third measure is a whole rest. The fourth measure contains a quarter note F4, a quarter note E-flat4, and a quarter note D4. The system ends with a double bar line.

'Neath  
Where

The first staff of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a quarter note B4. A fermata is placed over a half note C5. The melody continues with a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. A crescendo hairpin is placed over the final two measures, which contain a half note F#4 and a quarter note E4.

moon-light's mag - ic spell      The lo - tus flow'rs are wait - ing      Their  
all is wrapt in dream,      Ma - jes - tic sounds the flow - ing      Of

[illegible]

moon - light's      spell .      The lo - tus flow'rs are wait - ing . Their  
all      is      dream,      Ma - jes - tic sounds the flow - ing . Of

[illegible]



sis - ter loved so well, . . They wait, the shin - ing  
Gan - ges' sa - cred stream, . Ma - jes - tic sounds the

sis - ter loved so well, . . They wait, shin - ing  
Gan - ges' sa - cred stream, . Ma - jes - tic the

sis - ter loved so well, . . They wait, shin - ing  
Gan - ges' sa - cred stream, . Ma - jes - tic the

lo - . tus, Their sis - ter loved so well.  
flow - . ing Of Gan - ges' sa - cred stream

lo - . tus, Their sis - ter loved so well.  
flow - . ing Of Gan - ges' sa - cred stream.

lo - . tus, Their sis - ter loved so well.  
flow - . ing Of Gan - ges' sa - cred stream.

3. Oh, dis - tanthome of child - hood, Land of beauty and balm, Where

3. Oh, dis - tanthome of child - hood, Land of beauty and balm, Where

3. Oh, dis - tanthome of child - hood, Land of beauty and balm, Where

broods o'er gar - den bow'rs . Old In - dia's ho - ly

broods o'er gar - den bow'rs . Old In - dia's ho - ly

calm, . . . Old In - dia's ho - ly

calm, old In - dia's calm, Old In - dia's ho - ly, ho - ly

calm. Ho - ly calm. . .

calm, Old In - dia's ho - ly calm, In - dia's ho - ly calm. . .

## THE HARDY NORSEMAN

JOHN REED

NORWEGIAN FOLK TUNE  
Arranged*Con brio**mf*

1. Har - dy Norse - man, hail! Har - dy Norse - man, hail! O - ver  
2. Har - dy Norse - man, hail! Har - dy Norse - man, hail! On to

Hail, Hail, Norse - man, hail!  
an - gry seas you sail, Till the Vik - ing fleet Through  
shores un - known you fare. West and south you go Past

storm and sleet Reach - es Green - land mid a driv - ing gale.  
i - cy floe, Past the ut - most track of ships you dare;

Then turn west, O - cean's crest Its  
Mile on mile, Plac - es smile, A  
Then a - gain turn west O'er the o - cean's crest Whose  
Till for mile on mile Pleas - ant plac - es smile, A

se - cret can - not hide from you. O Norse - man, lord of  
land of grapes, your Vin - land new. O Norse - man, lord of

flood and fiord, Far your drag - on prow goes wing - ing.  
 days of old, Can you guess whose praise we're sing - ing?

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

HARRY HARTS

*Dolce espressivo**mp*

1. Fol - low the lit - tle gar - den path Up from the gate, . .  
 2. High hangs the an - cient knock - er now Rust - y and still, . .

All in be - tween Weeds rank and green, Yar - row and tan - sy;  
 Where once it tapped, So gay - ly rapped, Sig - nal - ing glad - ness. .

Moss grows up - on the step - ping - stones Made of gray  
 Now all the dust - y win - dows stare Si - lent and

slate, . . Gone ev - 'ry rose, lil - y, and pan - sy.  
 chill, . . Dark stands the house, brood - ing in sad - ness.



## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

HERBERT RANDALL

HARVEY B. GAUL

Second stanza by NELLIE POORMAN

*mp Cantabile*

1. I nev - er look : at the stars at night, A -  
 2. I nev - er look : at a moun - tain high, With

*mp*

glow in gold of their twin - kling light, That  
 snow - crowned head in the wide blue sky, That

*cres.*

think how good is He Who has  
 breathe a thank - ful pray'r To the

*mf* *mp*

I do not think how good is He Who has  
 I do not breathe a thank - ful pray'r To the

*mf* *mp*

giv'n this world to me, Who has  
 One who has made us a world so fair, To the

giv - en this beau - ti - ful world, this world to me.  
 One who has made us a world, a world so fair.

*molto espressivo*

How good is He, . how . good to me! . .  
 A world so fair, . a . world so fair! . .

## PERPLEXITY

CAROLINE FULLER

EDMOND AUDRAN

*Giocosu  
mf*

1. Oh, it's jol - ly fun to go a - camp - ing 'Neath tall  
 2. Where the riv - er's grass - y bank is green - est, Swim - ming

1. pines a - quiv - er, Far off where the riv - er Slips a - long.  
 2. hole the deep - est, Div - ing bank the steep - est, There we haste.

Oh, it's fun un - til the fierce mos - qui - toes Bold - ly  
 Those mos - qui - toes seem to sense the beau - ty. Why, oh,

Oh, it's fun un - til they Bold - ly  
 Those mos - qui - toes fol - low! Why, oh,

come to bore us, Sound their hunt - ing cho - rus Loud - and strong.  
 why so know - ing, Why must they be show - ing Such - good taste?

ANONYMOUS

MARY ROOT KERN

*Vivace*

*f*

Smile, smile, once in a while, 'Twill make your heart feel light - er.

*f*

Smile, smile, once in a while, 'Twill make your path-way bright - er.

*mp*

Life's a mir - ror. If we frown, Frowns will come to meet us;

*cres.*

If we face the world with a smile, . Smiles will come to

*dim.* *f*

greet . us. . . So smile, smile, once in a while, 'Twill

make your heart feel light - er. Kind-ness and cheer will  
drive a-way fear, And joy - will come to meet - us.

*cres.* *ff* *cres.*

## A LIFE LESSON

WILLIAM THACKERAY

*Legato**p*

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Arranged

1. Come wealth or want, come - good or ill, Let  
2. Who miss - es, or who - gains the - prize? Go,

*p*

young and old ac - cept their part, And bow be - fore God's  
lose or con - quer as you can; But if you fail, or -

*cres.* *cres.*

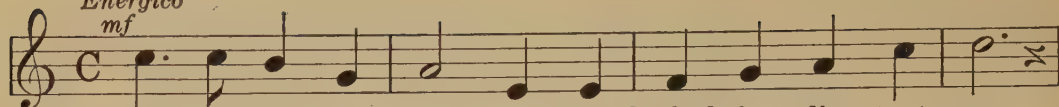
might - y - will, And bear it with an - hon - est heart.  
if you - rise, Be each, pray God, a - no - ble man.

*dim.* *p* *dim.* *p*

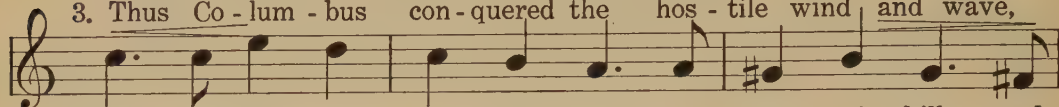


ELLA M. BOULT

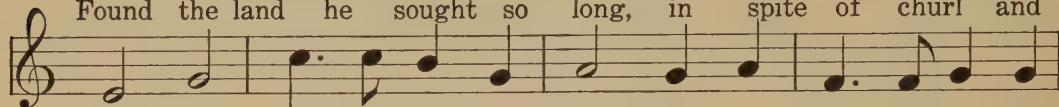
MARY ROOT KERN

*Energico**mf*

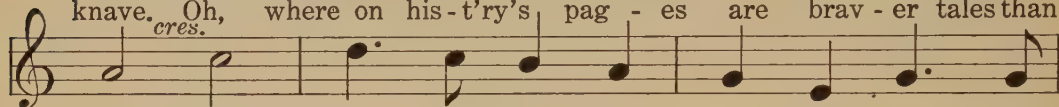
1. Once a dough - ty sail - or em - barked for dis - tant seas;  
 2. Wea - ry days of watch - ing brought nev - er land to sight;  
 3. Thus Co - lum - bus con - quered the hos - tile wind and wave,



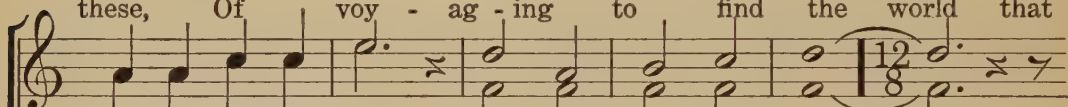
Down the far ho - ri - zon sank his coun - try's hills and  
 Stout - est hearts grew cra - ven when the sail - ors learned their  
 Found the land he sought so long, in spite of churl and



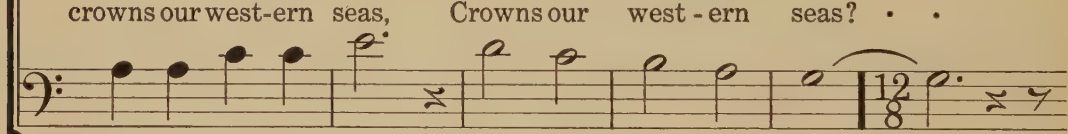
trees. His men might well be trou - bled, for with - er would they  
 plight. "Turn back," they cried, "Re - turn, man, for help and hope are  
 knave. Oh, where on his - t'ry's pag - es are brav - er tales than



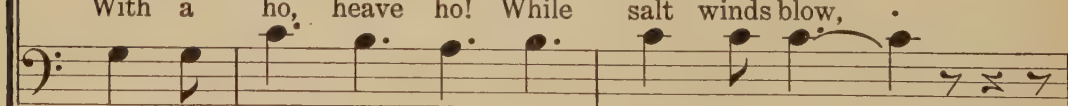
go? Un - chart - ed seas were un - der them, whose  
 gone!" "Not so!" their lead - er shout - ed then; "Sail  
 these, Of voy - ag - ing to find the world that



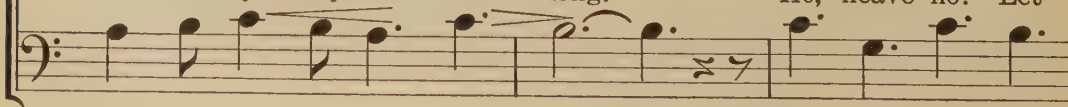
ways no man did know; Ay, no man did know! . .  
 on and on, and on! Sail on, men, sail on!" . .  
 crowns our west - ern seas, Crowns our west - ern seas? . .

*mf Con anima*

With a ho, heave ho! While salt winds blow, .  
 With their wea - ry eyes they scanned the skies, .  
 With a ho, heave ho! While salt winds blow, .



Val - iant - ly they sail a - long! . Ho, heave ho! Let  
 Si - lence took the place of song. . "Ho, heave ho! There  
 Val - iant - ly they sailed a - long. . Ho, heave ho! Let



no man know . That lone - ly fear that stilled . their song .  
 land doth rise!" . And val - iant - ly they bound . a - long .  
 all men know . The tri - umph that has filled . their song .

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

## WINGS

ELMER S. HOSMER

*Adagio*  
*mp*

1. Oh, give me wings! . To lift me on my jour - ney; .  
 2. Oh, give me wings! . To keep my hope from fall - ing; .

Wings on my shoes, and wings with - in my breast;  
 Wings on my thought to lift my care - less words;

Wings for my lance to speed it in the tour - ney,  
 Wings for my soul, when low - er things are call - ing,

Wings to my cour - age, that may bear me on the quest.  
 Wings for my spir - it, with the light - ness of the birds!

## THEIR MOTHERLAND

LOUISE STICKNEY

GERMAN FOLK TUNE

*Andante*  
*mp*

1. Thou - sands of val - iant men Lov - ing their coun - try, .  
2. Mil - lions who dai - ly toil, Lov - ing their coun - try, .

Forth went to fight for her With heart and with hand.  
Live as these died for her Whose sol - diers they were.

Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain, Oh, not in vain.

Oh, not in vain the death that they  
Oh, not in vain the life of these

vain! Kin - dred hearts still hold them high Who  
vain! She may trust her lov - ing sons With

dared to die! .  
faith - ful ones! .

died for their Moth - er - land, their Moth - er - land.  
true hearts to live for her, to live for her.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN  
*Scherzando*

RALPH L. BALDWIN

1. There is a Pi - rate treas - ure,      Where, where,  
2. I thought I saw it gleam - ing,      There, there,

Oh, . will you tell me  
Oh, . do you see it

where?  
there!

Seek a cave  
Pearl - y white,

By the wave  
Gold - en bright,

where?      In a cave      By the wave      That's  
there?      Pearl - y white,      Gold - en bright      The .

Lap - ping      there. .      A . chest all bound with  
Treas - ure      rare. .      The . moon-shine fell up -

ev - er lap - ping there.      With .  
treas - ure ver - y rare.      Up - .

bra - zen bands, The . Pi - rates hid with      ea - ger hands, All .  
on the beach; I . thought the hoard with - in my reach, But .



full of · pearls like moons, And of · round, shin-ing, gold dou - bloons.  
 pearl-y · shells and sand Made the · glit - ter be-neath my hand.

## AMERICA

SAMUEL F. SMITH

HENRY CAREY

*Maestoso*

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,-  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

*mp*  
 Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor-tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry · moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with · rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their · si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light! Pro - tect · us · by Thy might, Great God, our King.

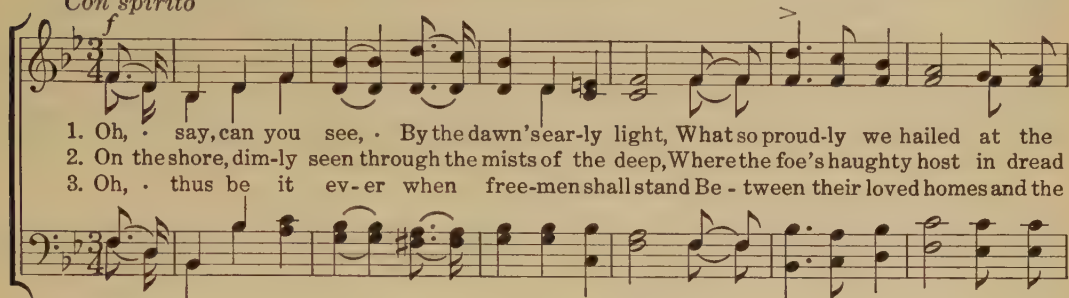
# FAMILIAR SONGS AND HYMNS

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

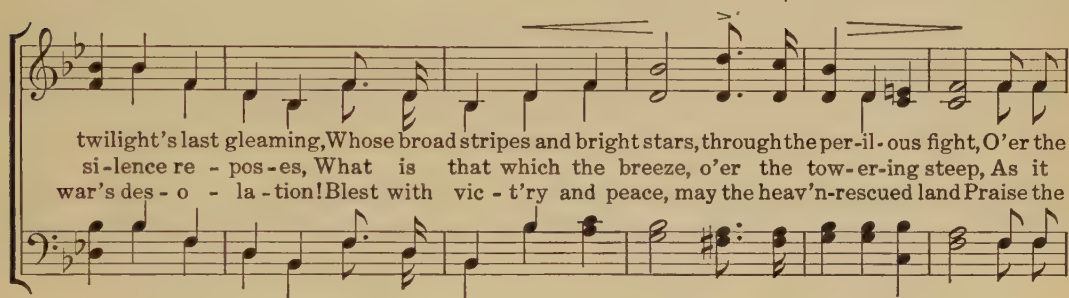
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

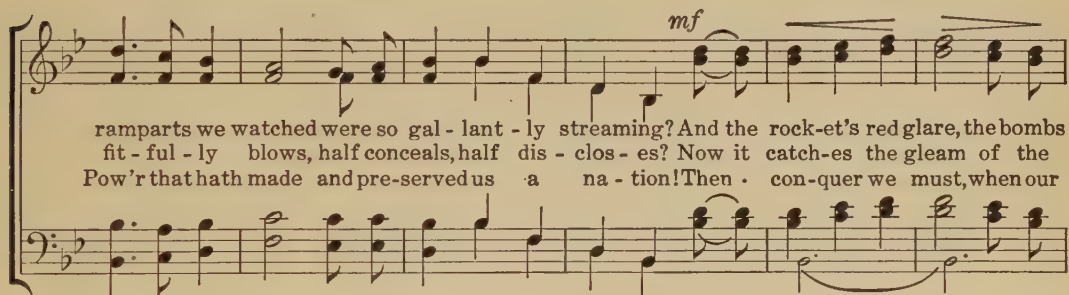
*Con spirito*



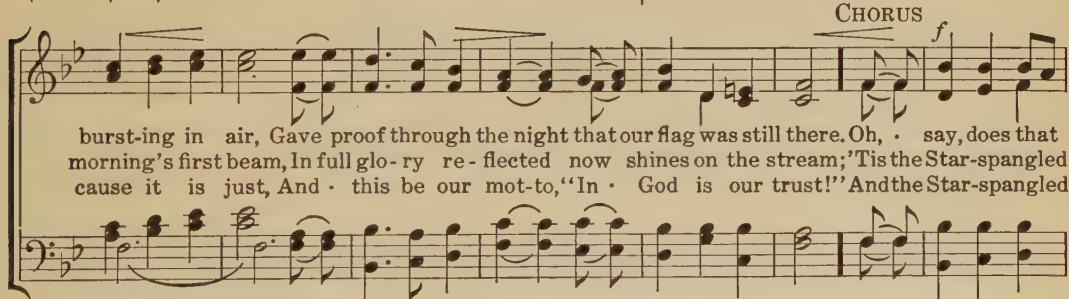
1. Oh, . say, can you see, . By the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the  
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
 3. Oh, . thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the



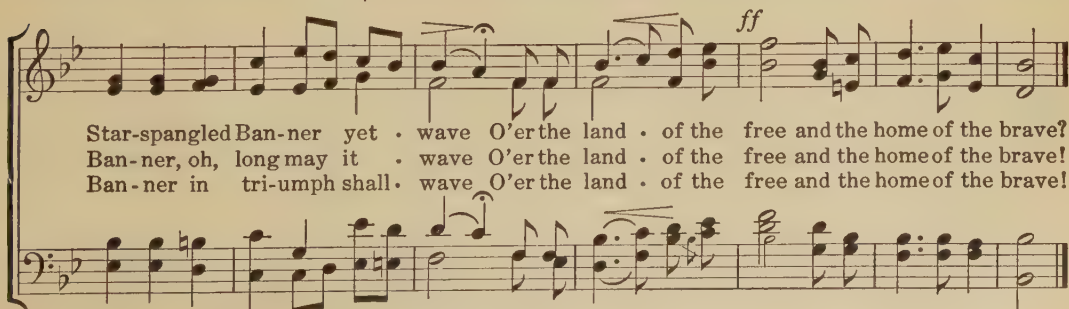
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per-il-ous fight, O'er the  
 si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it  
 war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the



ramparts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the  
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then . con-quer we must, when our



burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, . say, does that  
 morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re - flected now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-spangled  
 cause it is just, And . this be our mot-to, "In - God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled



Star-spangled Ban-ner yet . wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave?  
 Ban-ner, oh, long may it . wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave!  
 Ban-ner in tri-umph shall . wave O'er the land . of the free and the home of the brave!

## AMERICA FOREVER

WATERMAN-McCARTHY

JOHN WARD

*Maestoso*

*f*

1. A - mer - i - ca, my na - tive land, Land of the plain and moun - tain! Thy  
 2. A - mer - i - ca, let free - dom's light Shine from thy stars for - ev - er! Not

flag un - furled by pa - triot band, A sym - bol bright of hope shall stand For  
 yours the pow'r of self - ish might, Your strength is in the peo - ple's right, Far

*mf*

all the world to see. And o - ver ev - 'ry mount and plain, Un - spoiled, unsoiled by  
 spread from sea to sea. O land with peace and plen - ty blest, Thy shield is ev - 'ry

*ff*

greed of gain, Let truth and jus - tice rule and reign, Fair land of • the free!  
 loy - al breast, From north to south, from east to west, Fair land of • the free!

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Andantino*

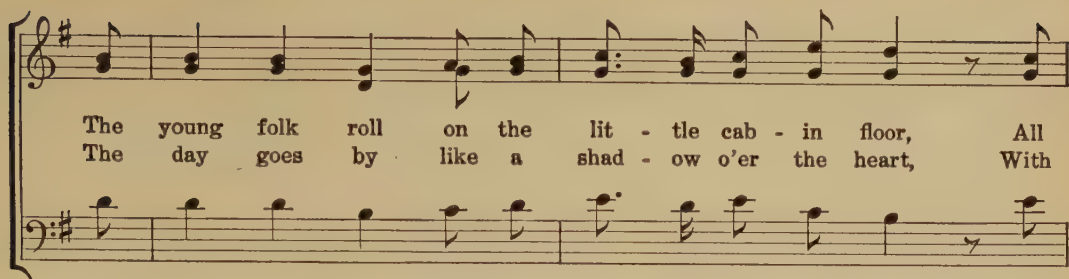
*mp*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On

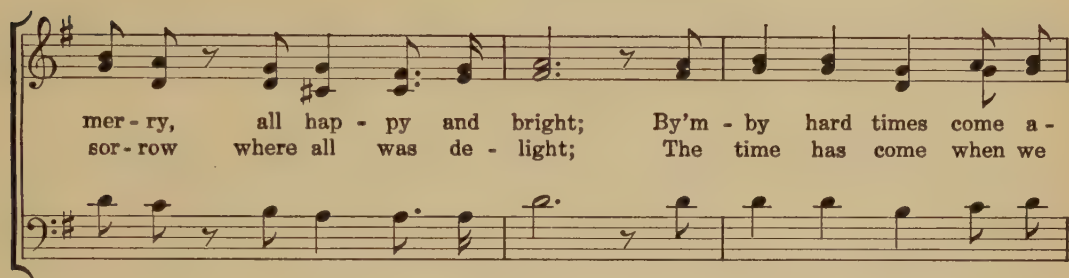
sum - mer, and all • are gay; The corn - top's ripe and the  
 mead - ow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the

mead - ow's in the bloom, While the birds make • mu - sic all the day.  
 glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old • cab - in door.





The young folk roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All  
The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With

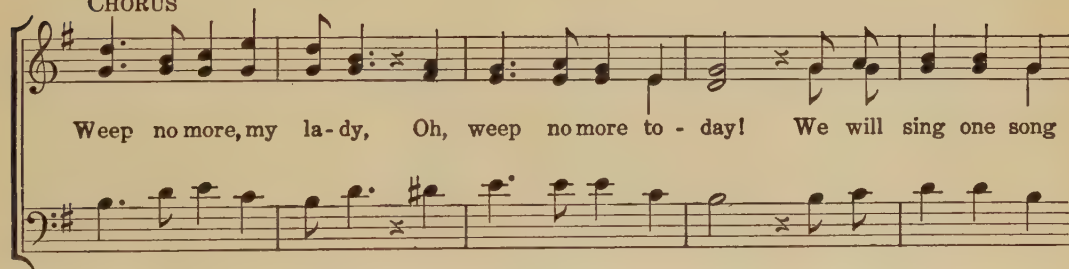


mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'm - by hard times come a -  
sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when we

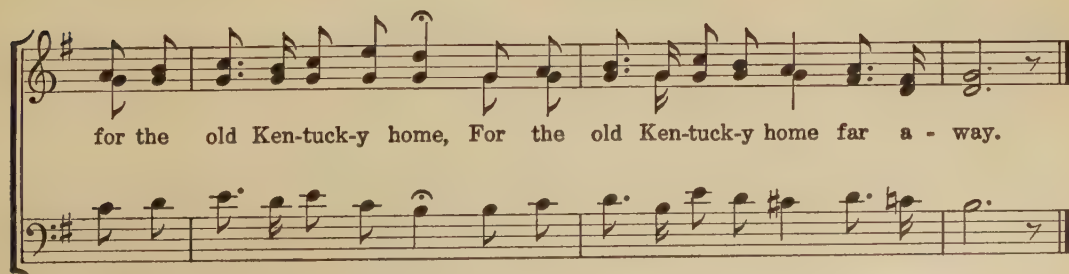


knock - ing at the door; Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night!  
all will have to part; Then my old Ken - tuck - y home, good - night!

## CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song



for the old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.



*Moderato**mp**mf*

1. Gray stands the tow - er tall, Gird - ed round by moat and wall, .  
 2. Through sum - mer's gold - en hours, Through the springtime's sil - ver show'rs,  
 3. "Spin, spin, the live - long day, Here with - in my tow'r I stay; .

There a maid - en, all the day, Sings to while the hours a - way.  
 Through the au - tumn's scar - let glow, Through the win - ter's reign of snow.  
 While the whir - ring spin - dle flies, To my song the wheel re - plies."

## HYMN OF WORSHIP

H. BONAR

BONAR

J. B. CALKIN

*Moderato**mf*

1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent, in their turn - ing  
 2. Round the throne of God are ring - ing Voic - es sweet in wor - ship sing - ing

Round the nev - er - chang - ing pole; Up - ward where the sky is bright - est,  
 "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord," Love and praise in full - est meas - ure,

Up - ward where the blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.  
 Heav'n - ly rich - es, earth - ly treas - ure, Let us bring with one ac - cord.

LADY JOHN SCOTT

LADY JOHN SCOTT

*Allegretto**mp*

1. Max - well-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew; And it's  
2. Her - brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan; Her -  
there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true;  
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;  
Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for  
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for  
bon - nie An - nie . Lau - rie, I'd . lay . me doon an' dee.  
bon - nie An - nie . Lau - rie, I'd . lay . me doon an' dee.

## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

*Moderato**mf*

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And  
2. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re -  
3. There's mu - sic in the air, . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is  
faint its blush is seen . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.  
flects a gold - en light . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.  
lost on eve - ning's breast, . As its pen - sive beau - ties die;  
Many a harp's ec - stat - ic sound Thrills us with its joy pro - found, .  
When be - neath some grate - ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid, .  
Then, oh then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song; An -  
While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.  
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.  
gel - ic voic - es greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

## BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

*Moderato*

1. A cap-i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win-dow Blind;  
 2. The bo' - swain's mate was quite se - date Yet was fond of a - musement, too;



No wind that blew dis - mayed her crew Or an - noyed the cap - tain's mind. The  
 He played hop-scotch with star-board watch While the cap-tain tickled the crew. The



man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild-est blow-ow-ow, Though it  
 gun-ner we had seemed rath-er mad For he sat on the aft - er rai - ai - ail, And he



of-ten ap-peared when the gale had cleared That he'd been in his bunk be - low.  
 fired sa - lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale!

## REFRAIN

*f* Then blow, ye winds, heigh - ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll

*cres.*

stay no more on Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm

*rit.*

*f a tempo* off on the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm

*cres.*

*ff*

off to my love with a box - ing glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way!

## THE LITTLE DUSTMAN

Translated  
*Andante dolce*  
*p*

JOHANNES BRAHMS

1. The flow'r-ets all sleep sound - ly Be - neath the moon's bright ray; They  
2. The birds that sang so sweet - ly When noon - day sun . rose high, With -  
3. Now see the lit - tle sand - man At the win - dow shows his head, And

*mp*

nod their heads to - geth - er And dream the night a - way. The .  
in their nests are sleep - ing: Now night is draw - ing nigh. The .  
looks for all good chil - dren Who ought to be . in bed; And .

bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And . mur - mur soft and low.  
crick - et, as it moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its song.  
as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws sand in - to its eyes.

*cres.* *pp*

Sleep . on! Sleep . on, . sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!  
Sleep . on! Sleep . on, . sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!  
Sleep . on! Sleep . on, . sleep . on, my . lit - tle one!



## WE MARCH TO VICTORY

GERARD MOULTRIE

JOSEPH BARNBY

*Marziale*

*mf* *f*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the sign of the Lord be-

*mp*

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

*f* *Fine*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1. We 2. Then

*mf*

come in the night of the Lord of light, With - ar - mor - bright to on - ward we march, our - arms to prove, With the ban - ner of God be-

meet Him; And we put to flight the - ar - mies of - night, That the fore us, With His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove, And His

*cres.* *D.S.*

sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him, We  
 ho - ly arms spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arms spread o'er us. We

## TENTING TONIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE  
*Tempo di marcia*

WALTER KITTREDGE

*mf*

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old campground, Give us a song to cheer  
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old campground, Think-ing of days gone by,  
 3. We're tired of war on the old campground, Man-y are dead and gone,

Our wea - ry hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.  
 Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good-by."  
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound-ed long.

CHORUS

Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;

*p*

Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tenting tonight,

1. & 2. 3. *pp*

tenting tonight, Tenting on the old campground. Tenting on the old campground.

THOMAS MOORE

*Andantino*

*mf*

1. The Min-strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
2. The Min-strel fell! but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un-der;

His father's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him.  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-sun-der;

"Land of Song!" said the war-rior bard, "Though all the world be-trays thee,  
And said "No chains shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav-'ry!"

*mf* *rit.*

One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!"  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound in slav-'ry!"

## LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

J. L. MOLLOY

*Andante*

*p*

1. Once in the dear, dead days beyond re-call, When on the world the  
2. E-ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng;  
dwells for-ev-er-more; Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way,

*mf* *p*

Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where  
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So, till the end when

*rit.*

fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.  
life's dim shadows fall, Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

REFRAIN  
*p a tempo*

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick - 'ring  
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, (Omit)

*/2.*

shad - ows soft - ly come and go; Still to us at

*dim.* *p*

twi - light Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet . song.



## LULLABY

KARL SIMROCK

Translated

JOHANNES BRAHMS

*p Legato*

1. Lull-a - by and good-night! To cheeks ros - y bright, To . fin - gers safe .  
 2. Lull-a - by and good-night! Till . glad morn - ing light, . While fair - est of .

*mf*

hid 'Neath cov - er - let white; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou  
 forms In . dreams fill the sight; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou

*p*

wake with the morn, And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou wake with the morn.

## SAILING

GODFREY MARKS

*Con spirito*

*mf*

1. Y'heave ho! . my lads, . the wind blows free; . A pleas - ant gale . is  
 2. The sail - or's life . is bold and free; . His home . is on . the  
 3. The tide . is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! . my lads, . set

on our lee, . And soon . a - cross . the o - cean clear . Our  
 roll - ing sea, . And nev - er heart . more true or brave . Than  
 ev - 'ry sail. . The har - bor bar . we soon shall clear, . Fare -

gal - lant barque . shall brave - ly . steer; . But ere we part . from  
 he . who launch - es on . the . wave. . A - far he speeds in  
 well . once more . to home . so . dear; . For when the tem - pest

England's shore to - night, . A song we'll sing . for home and beau - ty bright.  
 dis - tant lands to roam; . With joc - und song . he rides the spar - kling foam .  
 rag - es loud and long, . That home shall be . our guid - ing star a - mong .

*f*  
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to his heart . so

true! Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue? . .

*mp* *cres.*  
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing main; . For man - y a storm - y

*f* *mp*  
wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. . Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound-ing

*f*  
main; . For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. .

ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

H. A. DONALD

*Moderato*  
*mp*

1. Calm-ly at last they take their rest, Soldiers whose bat - tles all are  
2. He-roses who won, though sore - ly pressed, Sol-diers as brave who lost the

won, He-roses whose cour - age stood the test, Brave hearts whose day of  
fight, Vic - tor and van-quished lie at rest, In mer - cy judged by

*mp*

strife is done. Peace - - - ful - ly sleep, . . .  
God's clear sight.

Peace - ful - ly sleep, . . . peace - ful - ly sleep.

Sleep, . . . peace-ful - ly sleep. . . . Loved and hon - ored,

peace-ful - ly sleep.

*dim - in - u - - en - - do*

peace-ful - ly sleep, . . . Peace-ful - ly sleep, . . . peace-ful - ly sleep.

Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly sleep.

# ITALIAN HYMN

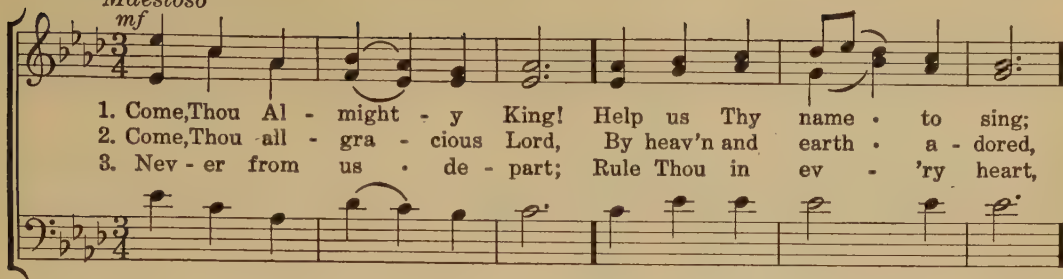
183

CHARLES WESLEY

FELICE DE GIARDINI

*Maestoso*

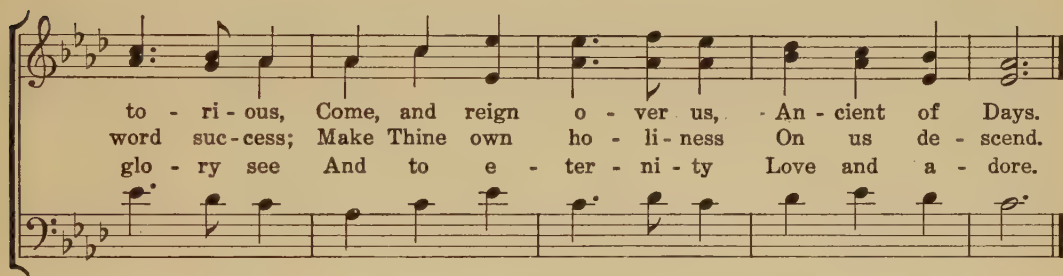
*mf*



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy name . to sing;  
 2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth . a - dored,  
 3. Nev - er from us . de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our pray'r at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless, And give Thy  
 Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, - An - cient of Days.  
 word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.  
 glo - ry see And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

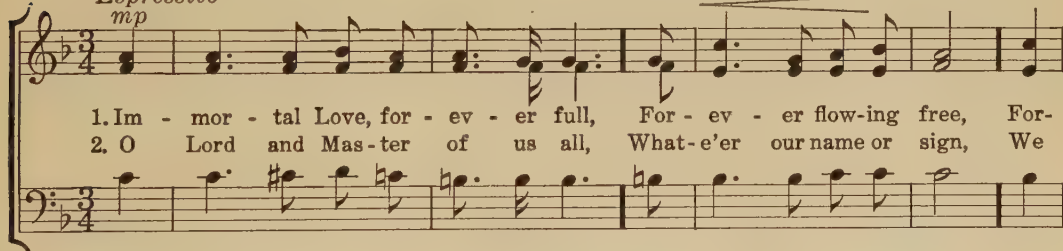
# SERENITY

JOHN G. WHITTIER

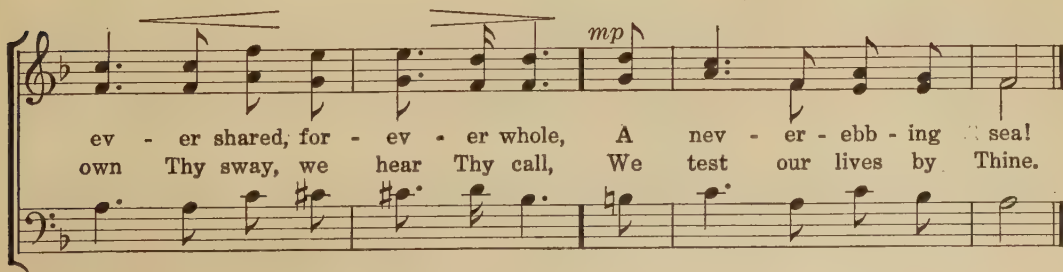
Arr. from WILLIAM V. WALLACE

*Espressivo*

*mp*



1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free, For -  
 2. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign, We



ev - er shared; for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!  
 own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.



## REQUEST

ROBERT FRANZ

From the German

*Sostenuto**p*

1. Turn on me thine eye's dark ra-diance, Flood my heart with ten-der light,  
2. Stars a-shine in heav-ens lone-ly Oft in dreams are friend-lier grown;

*p**cres.*

Ear-nest, mild, in dream-like glo-ries, Like a star-lit, bound-less night.  
So thine eyes, a dis-tant splen-dor, Close to mine in dreams I've known.

*mp*

Weave a spell of dark-ling mag-ic, Spir-it me to worlds a-far,  
Eyes that search my in-most be-ing, Read-ing there my loy-al-vow,

*dim.*

Where-in thou a-lone shalt rule me, Maid-en, thou, my guid-ing star!  
Deep-er glow in sweet sur-ren-der, Dark eyes, would that dream were now!

From the BIBLE

*Espressivo*

## PEACE

THOMAS KOSCHAT

*p*

1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know, He leads me in  
2. A-bun-dance of glad-ness on me he be-stows, With boun-ti-ful

pas-tures where cool. wa-ters flow. . Be - side the still wa - ters in  
bless - ing my cup. o - ver - flows. . With joy has He crowned me in

safe - ty I rest; . With love and pro - tec - tion my spir - it is  
days that are past . His good - ness and mer - cy for - ev - er will

blessed, With love and pro - tec - tion my spir - it is blessed.  
last, His good - ness and mer - cy for - ev - er will last.

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE  
*Andante*

HENRY R. BISHOP

1. { Mid - pleas - ures and pal - a - ces . though we may roam, A .  
Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no . place like home. Which,  
2. { An - ex - ile from home, . splendor daz - zles in vain; The -  
Oh, . give . me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - - gain. Give me

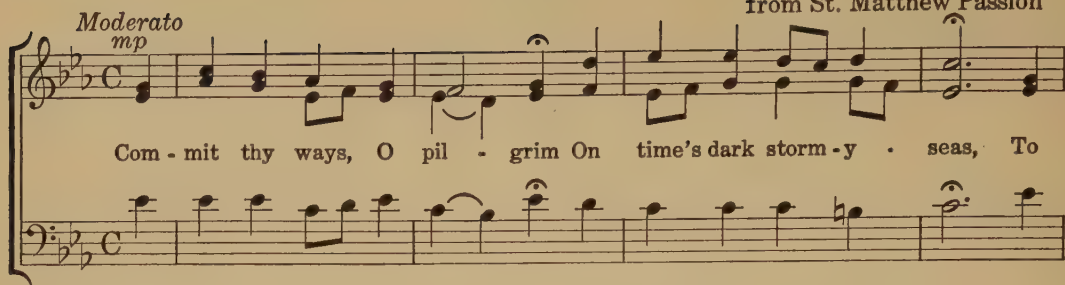
*There's*

charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, seek thro' the world, is not met with else - where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
birds sing - ing gay - ly that come at my call, all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
them with that peace of mind dear - er than

no place like home, There's no . place like home.

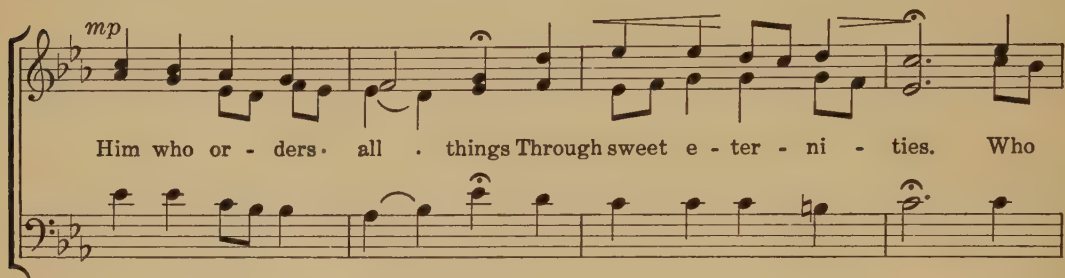
JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH  
from St. Matthew Passion

*Moderato*  
*mp*




Com - mit thy ways, O pil - grim On time's dark storm - y . seas, To

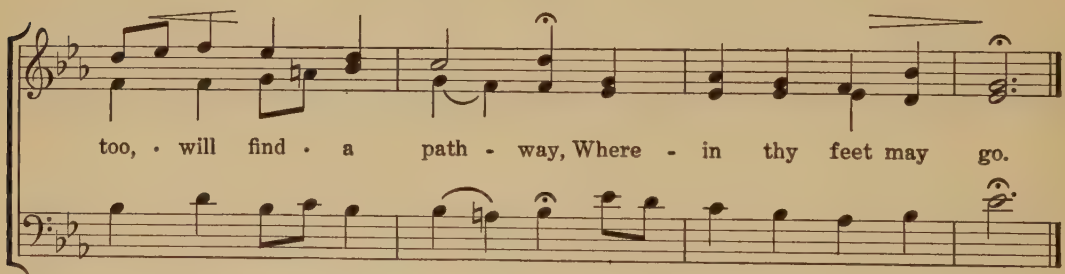
*mp*



Him who or - ders . all . things Through sweet e - ter - ni - ties. Who

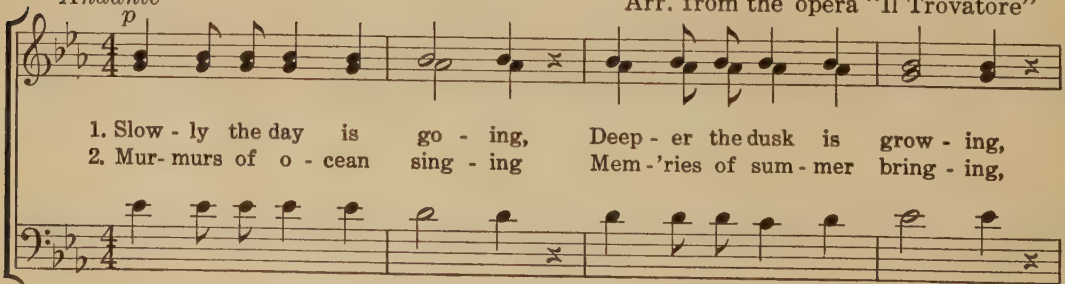


meas - ures . out their cours - es To clouds, winds, waves be - low, He,



too, . will find . a path - way, Where - in thy feet may go.

## BY THE FIRELIGHT

M. B. WILLIS  
*Andante*  
*p*GIUSEPPE VERDI  
Arr. from the opera "Il Trovatore"


1. Slow - ly the day is go - ing, Deep - er the dusk is grow - ing,  
2. Mur - murs of o - cean sing - ing, Mem - 'ries of sum - mer bring - ing,

Twilight is peace bestowing O'er every field and stream.  
Echoes from woodlands ringing, Dreams of the spring-time bright,

*mp*  
Here by the embers glowing, Come, let us sit and dream.  
Thoughts of the flowers upspringing, Soothe us with calm delight.

# JOY TO THE WORLD

ISAAC WATTS

ANTIOCH

Arr. from HANDEL

*Spiritoso*  
*mf*  
1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let  
2. Joy to the earth! Jehovah reigns; Let men their songs employ; While  
3. He rules the world with truth and grace And makes the nations prove The

*mp*  
every heart prepare Him room, And heaven and nature sing, And  
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-  
glories of His righteousness And wonders of His love, And

*cres.*  
And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing.  
Repeat the sounding joy, Repeat the sounding joy.  
Wonders of His love, And wonders of His love.

And heaven and nature sing, and heaven and nature sing.  
Repeat the sounding joy, repeat the sounding joy.  
And wonders of His love, and wonders of His love.



## WILT THOU SOON RETURN?

L. ROCKE

Translated  
*Moderato*  
*mf*

1. In the green val - ley thou'rt lin - ger - ing yon - der, Still in the king's gold-en  
2. Sweet - ly the songs of the birds now are ring - ing, Sweet - er and pur - er to  
3. How long must I for the glad day be yearn - ing, When to my side thou wilt

pal - ace dost wan - der. Ah! thou my life, my all,  
me is thy sing - ing. home - ward be turn - ing?

*mp* Pray hear my plain-tive call! *dim.* Wilt thou soon re - turn? *pp* Wilt thou soon re - turn?

## AMICI

*Allegretto*

*mp* 1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, It can nev - er die;  
2. Mem - 'ry's leaf - lets close shall twine A - round our hearts for aye, And

*mf* Far sur - pass - ing wealth un - spo - ken, Sealed by friend-ship's tie,  
waft us back o'er life's broad track To pleas - ures long gone by.

*mf*

A - mi - ci us - que, ad - a - ras, Deep grav - en on each heart,

Shall be found un - wav - 'ring, true, When we from life shall part.

## ALLELUIA

JOHN KEBLE  
*Moderato*

REGENT SQUARE

HENRY SMART

*mf*

1. God the Lord a King re - main - eth, Robed in His own glo - rious light;  
2. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;

God hath robed Him, and He reign - eth, He hath gird - ed . Him with might.  
Of thine high e - ter - nal dwell - ing Ho - li - ness shall in - mate be!

*mf* *cres.* *f*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in . depth and height.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that . dwells with Thee.

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